MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 77 $6.95

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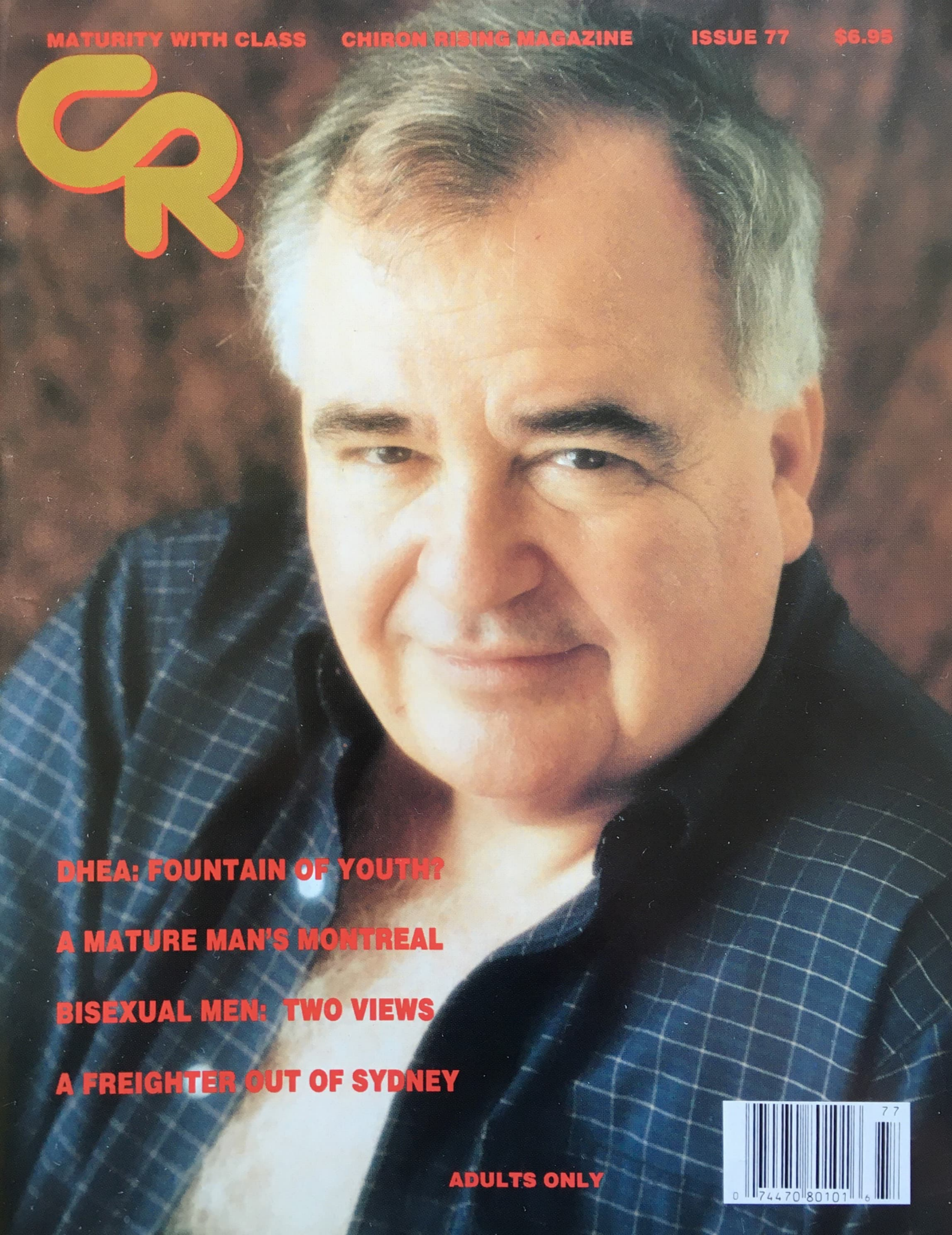

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A MATURE MAN'S MONTREAL

BISEXUAL MEN: TWO VIEWS

A FREIGHTER OUT OF SYDNEY

ADULTS ONLY

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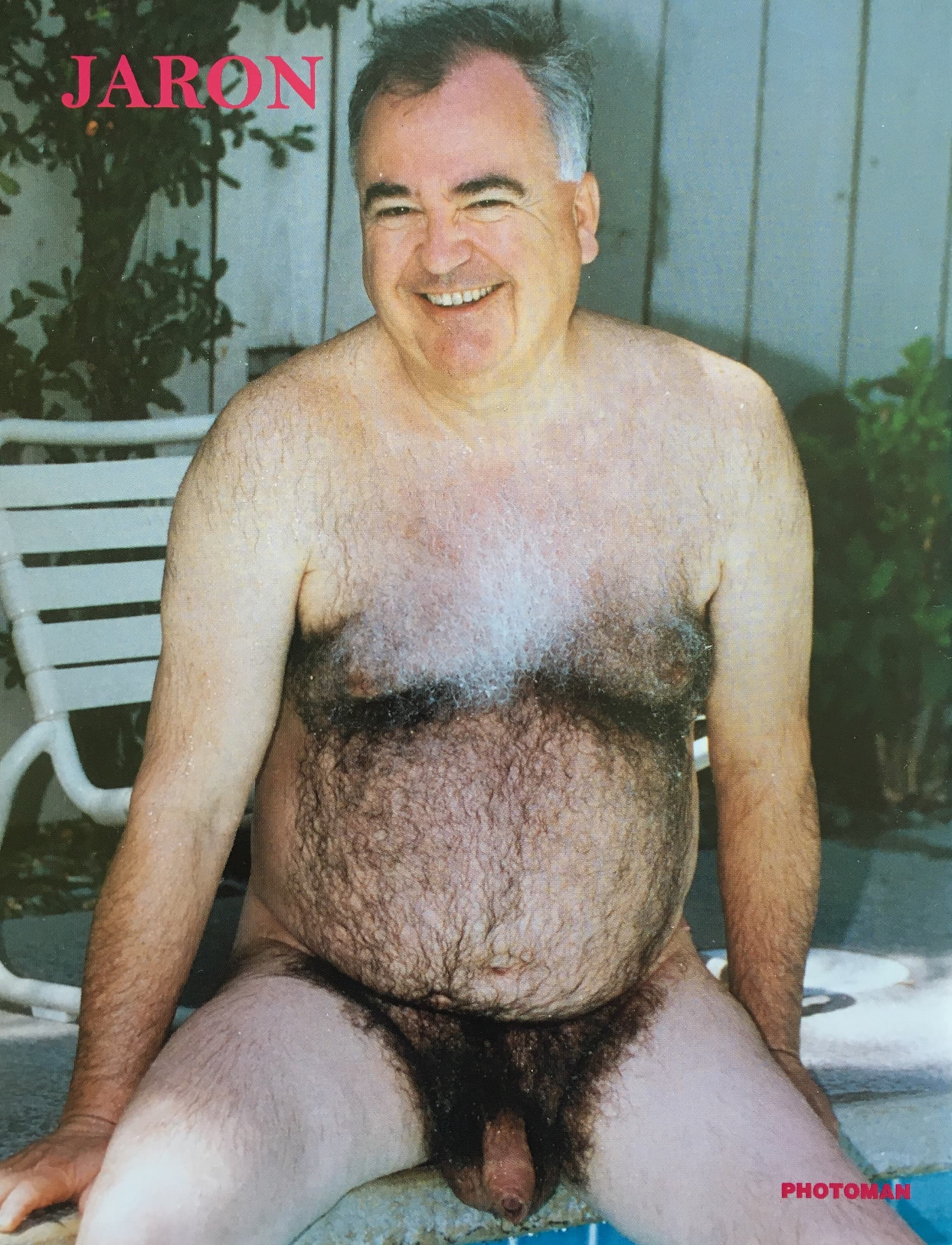
JARON
PHOTOMAN

CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 77

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CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE

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PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS: Michael Deveau, Joel, Macro, Manny, Photoman

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To readers: The above address is for disclosure only. Correspondence address is as shown above

MODEL/PHOTOGRAPHER/ARTIST PROFILES

MODELS

FRONT COVER, PAGE 2:

JARON: 60, 5'-10", 200, Washington DC Metro, single. Likes theater, art, English history and literature. He's attracted to men 15 to 25 years younger and says, "I really like a man who is 'thirtysomething,' but I can't say no to a comely youth in his twenties or a handsome man in his forties. He's also a published author and aspiring playwright and loves to communicate on the net: jaron1066@aol.com

Page 14:

ZIPPER: 60ish, burly, Palm Springs area, in an open relationship with model NIPPER. The legend returns for a curtain call. He likes dogs, good food, a good laugh, fun people and the desert.

Page 15:

CODY: 29, 5'-9", 180#, Southern California, single. He likes mature, hairy men, especially those with blue eyes and beards. Looking for contacts, correspondence, photo exchange.

Page 21:

NEW YORK BUCK: 67, 5'-10", 160#, central New York State, single. Likes music, walks, cooking, travel, cuddling, t.v. movies, some sports, dining out, quiet nights at home. Looking for single male, 30-67, good-looking, medium build, top man oral who wants a monogamous relationship.

Page 24:

BURTON: 58, 5'-6", 185#, Dayton, Ohio, single. Likes tennis, dining, blues, a capella/barbershop singing. Looking for my fountain pen, friendship, fun and games, over 30. **TURKISH DELIGHT**: 49, 5'-11", 175#, Palm Springs, single. Likes classical music, travel, working, opera, etc. Looking for 45-65, retired, clean-shaven, mentally sound gentleman for committed friendship in development of a life partnership. **TASSIE DEVIL**: 70, 5'-11", 175#, Australia, single. Likes a healthy life with no vices, art, music, movies, photography, swimming, nature. Looking for masculine, clean-shaven gentleman, any race, 50+, 280#+, big belly, thick thighs, HIV negative, honest. Exchange visits. Photo appreciated.

Page 26:

BENNIE: 71, 5'-6", 235#, Florida, in an open relationship with model SY (p 31). He says he likes anything alive and breathing, but seeks only friendships. **SEAN**: 66, 5'-11", 200#, Texas, in an open relationship with WOODY BALDWIN. He's possibly the nicest man in existence and, along with Woody, will receive a Lifetime Achievement award at the Orlando Gathering. **B.K.**: 52, 5'-8", 180#, Sacramento, single. Likes Northern Arizona, Sierras, archeological research, stonework, outdoors, his library. Looking for physical compatibility and intellectual companionship with hairy men, 50 and up, with possibility of a long-term relationship.

Page 27:

RUSTY: 54, 5'-7", 160#, Daytona Beach, FL, single. Likes beach/water activities, exercise, travel and especially cuddling a man in spandex. Looking for anything up to his age, kinky, into sexy clothing for friendship and possible relationship.

Page 28:

DAVID OF NEW YORK: 54, 5'-10", 240#, New York, single. Likes travel, theater, playing "home -buddies," and especially touch and sex. Looking for easy going elderly men over 58. Hair a plus. **KARL**: 60, 5'-8", 200#, Southern California, single. Likes dogs, horses, working out, videos. Looking for a mature, genuine, masculine top man for possible relationship. **WOLFSHADOW**: 46, 5'-7", 180#, Mid-Hudson Valley, N.Y., single. Likes massage, nude sunbathing, ocean, golf, auctions, non-judgemental people, folk & blues music. Looking for older, secure companion and lifemate, best friend to share life's daily joys and sorrows in openly gay lifestyle. Prefer to relocate south or west. **J.DON**: 68, 5'-8", 242#, central NY and Ft. Lauderdale, single. Likes driving, movies, plays, classical music. Looking for an honest, sincere, reliable, kind, generous, drug-free (games-free) person, young (26+), any race, who is willing to play for keeps.

Page 29:

RAINBOW JOE: 52, 5'-6", 223#, Palm Springs, single. Likes eating out, movies, traveling, spending quiet times at home. Looking for loving, sincere guy, around his age or younger (open to older too), his build or smaller, for possible relationship. Hairy a plus but not a must. **FLORIDA BANKER**: 81, 5'-11", 175#, Central Florida, in a closed personal relationship. Likes travel, antiques and reading. Looking for friendship only.

Page 30:

MR. MIKE: 56, 5'-8", 175#, Southern California, single. Likes good company, mutual enjoyment, music, outdoors. Looking for GWM, late 50s or over, mature, masculine, healthy, humorous, heavy-set/solid, hairy, bald, nonsmoker, non-drug user, social drinker, who enjoys life and all it has to offer.

Page 31:

SY: 64, 6ft., 200#, Florida/Pennsylvania, in an open relationship with BENNIE (p. 26). Likes chubby men, golf, antiques, theater. Looking for chubby men, no age requirement.

Page 32:

JIM GAFFNEY: 63, 5'-6", 175#, South Florida, in a long-distance relationship. Likes cooking, entertaining, going to the beach, spending precious moments with his lover. **BENNIE**: (See profile for page 26). **WANDERER**: 34, 5'-8", 175#, Connecticut, in an open relationship. Likes music, sports, dancing, nudism, travel, sex, meeting people. Looking for 45+, energetic,

fun-loving, romantic, honest men for friendship and get togethers. **TEX-MEX**: 35, 5'-10", 195#, North Miami Beach, in an open relationship. Likes nude sunbathing, fitness, sports, music, traveling, cooking. Looking for stocky to chubby men, both young and older, in couples or single.

Page 33:

PEGASUS: 24, 5'-8", 150#, New York, in an open relationship (not with MARINE). Likes travel, dinner out, theater, beach, music, meeting friends. Looking for older, heavier men over 50. Looking for friendship only. **MARINE**: 26, 5'-8", 146#, Brazilian, New York, single. Likes beach, music, travel, soccer. Looking for mature men, over 55. Possible relationship.

OLD SALT & MAC MARTIN: 75/73, 5'-9"/5'-8", 170/150, Mississippi Gulf Coast, in an open relationship with each other. Like companionship, traveling, home life, people, music, nature. Looking for honest men for companionship and good, safe sex. Looking for one loyal, mature man who would like to care for and be cared for, becoming part of the family.

TEXAS BOB & TEXAS KEN: 64/50, 6'-2"/6 ft., 245#/220#, Ft. Worth, Texas, in a closed relationship with each other. Like antiques, traveling, cooking. Looking for friendship, fun times, correspondence.

Page 34:

FREAD J: 52, 6'-1", 236#, Oklahoma, in an open relationship. Likes hunting, canoeing, geology, horticulture.

Page 38:

SAN DIEGO SUNSHINE: 65, 5'-11", 155#, San Diego, in an open relationship. Likes gardening, walking, travel, reading a good novel. Looking for friendship with slender, warm, honest, gentle, and understanding gay men for correspondence and possible exchange of visits.

Page 39:

JED: 74, 5'-11", 167#, Tucson, in a closed relationship. Likes tennis, swimming, hiking, walking, gardening, cooking. Looking for gay friends, young and older and in-between.

Page 46:

SPINNER & KOALA: 70/36, Queensland, Australia, in a closed relationship with each other. Looking for other CR subscribers from Australia and New Zealand for correspondence and friendship. **TOOTS & TENNEHOO**: 71/39, 5'-4"/5'-10", 136#/165#, Tennessee, in a closed relationship with each other. They like antiques, good food, good music, good friends and good times. Looking for new faces to share the above with. **BEACH BOY**: 27, 5'-11", 180#, South Florida, single. Likes sports, massage, movies, and men in recovery. Looking for nice, 50-65, shorter Daddy-types.

Page 47:

GAYLORD: 52, 5'-10", Vermont, in an open relationship. Likes massage and music, especially big band, classical and show tunes. Also: cooking, camping, nudity, traveling, and sharing life with mate. Looking for mature men with moustaches, hairy chests, beards who enjoy mutual pleasures.

Page 48:

ED: 62, 5'-10", 170#, Northern California, single. Likes heavy-set to stocky, burly, older men, 50-70. Partial to short, fat guys too. Looking for main man, big squeeze, and friends.

Page 57:

JACK: 61, 5'-9", 215#, Palm Springs, in a closed relationship (PAIR OF JACKS). Looking for same age or older for friendship.

Page 58:

GENE KEUNING: 52, 5'-10", 220#, Michigan/Palm Springs, in an open relationship with model JIM SNODGRASS. Likes 30s-80s, hairy, semi-bald, graying, beards, heavy, masculine. He's looking for friendships and special fun with mature men.

Page 59:

WILD GOOSE: 64, 5'-8", 215, Fresno, single. Likes chubby to heavy, mature, reliable men, antiques and older cars. Looking for a serious, meaningful relationship.

BACK COVER:

SANTA STEVE: 54, 6'-2", 225#, Seattle, in an open relationship. Likes cooking, music, opera, modern art, travel, old friends, dogs (boxers), films. Looking for friends from all over the earth, men of all ages to visit and host.

SEAN BEAR: 65, 5'-10", 200#, Seattle, in an open relationship (with other than SANTA STEVE). Likes traveling, working in the yard, football on t.v., stormy nights on the ocean. Looking for friend in 30s for open, fun-loving times: food, love, whatever happens.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MICHAEL DEVEAU: 43, 5'-10", 220#, Palm Springs, single. He likes to have fun and is looking for other people to have fun with. Destined to photograph every hot mature man in the Palm Springs area.

JOEL: 32, Austin, in an open relationship with CR model THOM. He's always on the lookout for new models and has been known to travel widely just for the perfect shot.

MACRO : 30, 5'-11", 205#, Salt Lake City. In a long-term, open relationship with his burly hubby, GLENNSPORT. He and his partner will assume art direction duties for CR in 1997.

MANNY : 48, 6'-3", 235#, Maryland, single. Looking for a long-term relationship with just the right mature, masculine, husky gentleman, 50+, who is healthy and hairy. Short and stocky men turn him on as well as the big and burly kind.

PHOTOMAN: Late 40s, St. Louis, single. An expert at getting hot, mature men (as well as admirers) to take it all off for the camera. Very much likes to get to know same intimately. A retired professional photographer who will travel for a good photo shoot.

QUETZAL: 42, West Hollywood, in an open relationship with model and singer PLOVER. He's the creator of "Hand Jive Comix" and is one of our most prolific artists.

TOMCAT: Late 40s, Mississippi, in an open relationship with CR Icon, THE COLONEL. This burly ex-marine loves to write and shoot photos of older men.

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FORUM

IN CLOSING, CR #76

Reactions to my final editorial were numerous and diverse. I fully intended for the message to be rather harsh toward certain elements of our readership and assumed that I had clearly illuminated the targets. What I didn't bank on were the hostile and incredibly cynical reactions from those who were not targeted. It is unsettling to know that there are so many men out there who are unwilling to accept language within its intended context. I do regret upsetting some with my tone, however, and feel absolutely rotten for having brought unwarranted embarrassment to those who had held back on joining the Order of the Silver Simba. My primary goal was to provoke readers into action and to relate the consequences of mass indifference, not to insult or embarrass. My sincere apologies. PHC

I can't believe all this fallout over your editorial in #76! I for one did write a letter to Modern Maturity. I thought it was the least I could do in light of all you've done for us. The cruise? Filling 10 cabins would have probably won you a free cruise, and I personally know of at least 10 couples who boasted that they would be on that cruise. Only 26 signed up for OSS? Jesus Christ, it's not like you're asking for bone marrow! As for those who got their noses out of joint because you didn't name names, I implore, "GET A LIFE!" The point was the fact that someone almost sank our ship. That person's identity is immaterial (in spite of the fact that any regular reader with an I.Q. above 15 knows already). Run a lean and mean machine, Patrick. You're my kind of guy! A DALLAS DADDY

I have determined that your magazine is not in keeping with my interests, and I find your editorial tirades about partially revealed, insider subjects beyond belief. Please cancel my subscription immediately and issue a refund for the balance of the subscription. Any further copies sent to my address will fall within my definition of pornography, and I will turn them over to postal inspectors. M.W/San Diego

I can't believe all the weird stuff that's going on around there and all of the backbiting that you guys have to go through just to put out a magazine (as well as all of your ancillary projects). You'd think that most people would be appreciative of your specialized operation. I can't think of anything like it. Maybe it's just hard to see from this side of the pond. D.L./Mannheim, Germany

Having just received the latest issue of CR it seems like your world is collapsing around you. Since I discovered the existence of your magazine some 18 months ago I have always looked forward to receiving it, and I'm sure there are many other people who feel as I do. When you decided last year that *CRonus* would have to be done off due to lack of support I was disappointed, as I was anticipating further issues becoming harder and more frequent. Now I find that following the demise of Swan, depriving me of the chance to acquire the videos I have read so much about, you are also ending the *Classics* issues. You are obviously having problems trying to keep CRPI going, and I hope you will be able to see them through and continue to at least keep issuing CR and organising your gatherings for years to come. Hopefully I will be able to attend one in the next couple of years, as the letters from the many happy attendees make them sound a worthy event. I hope you are able to keep CRPI going, but what is more important is that you keep body and soul together. If that means CRPI folding, then so be it. But whatever happens, you should take pride in having given so many people pleasure for so many years. P.L./London

CRPI is NOT folding. PHC

I live in Palm Springs. I'm a member of Prime Timers and have been socially active here for many years. Although not a subscriber to CR, I have read just about every issue you've put out and readily admit to loving CR. I've heard (and read) a few bad things about you personally but always took it with a grain of salt. One hears the same about anyone in the limelight. Certainly there are some "icons" who are much less deserving of praise than others, but they found success and notoriety through manipulation, deceit, and a lust for power. Those most deserving found theirs through benevolent creation and hard work. I place men like you and Woody Baldwin in the latter category, knowing full well that some will disagree. However, I have always assumed that a consensus of respect for your respective deeds would keep the cutthroats at bay. But I was wrong. Over the past few months, I have been sickened by the ferocity and meanspirited nature of verbal and written attacks on both of you. I don't know you, but I know Woody and most of the men blowing all the ill wind. It isn't a matter of "just consider the source" anymore. If we don't protect those of you who have done the most for us, then who will? I didn't write *Modern Maturity* because I thought it was an exercise in futility, but I will now. I didn't come forth on the Order of the Silver Simba, but I will now. At a party last week, when a man said, "Pat Colley is a crook, a megalomaniac, and a psycho who is getting rich off poor seniors," I didn't pour my drink over him ... but I will now. (Initials withheld by request)/Palm Springs

I admire you for all you've done for us, but you amaze me when you open up your soul for scrutiny by such a broad spectrum of men. Giving us the "State of CR" so straight was painful

and a little scary. I understood what you were trying to do, but I wondered how others would react. On October 20th, I found out: the internet was a'sizzlin'. The "Get Patrick" cyberbitchery swelled to almost a demand for your balls on a stake, then it spilled over into snail mail and faxes. The buzz on the party circuit and gossip channels was deafening. They were talking about it from Kansas City to Kota Kinabalu; opinions crossed back and forth across telephone lines at the speed of the imp in Giraffe's fiction piece; hair bristled as your fans squared off against your foes. Like the prophetic scene near the beginning of The Exorcist when two big dogs fiercely fight, I knew that more intense and ugly messages would surface. And I was right. I couldn't believe the Tennessee couple who were brought together by CR and complained that you had continually snubbed them at the '95 gathering in Orlando. (Friends advise me that this is blatantly untrue.) The personal attacks, including implications of stock fraud and mental illness, were pretty sickening. It's amazing. What started out as an *I'm-deeeeeeply-offended* observation degenerated into an insult frenzy, much to the embarrassment of the "offended" couple in Pennsylvania who fired the first shot and later attempted to tone down the rhetoric. Our world has changed. Logic has become a lost science. True benevolence is now mostly met with indifference, derision, or knee-jerk hostility, and any profound thought is usually lost in a maze of misfiring synapses. Stupidity and intolerance are the norm, and I hope you have finally accepted the bad news about CR's not ever being available to all those you had envisioned helping. You did the best you could do, so remove yourself from the crosshairs and take pride in your amazing feat. Your critics are loud and few, and your allies are many, but those who really "don't give a rat's ass" are legion. Pity we humans. CONCH/Florida

With dismay I just read IN CLOSING in #76. I doubt that either of you has a clear image in your minds of who I am or what I look like; I've chatted briefly with each of you but only under circumstances in which you were doing the same with hundreds of men. Let me try to explain the gratitude I feel. I had always suppressed what I really yearned for until after my wife died a few years ago. I then saw no reason for continued denial of my deep-seated nature but did not know how to seek fulfillment. Oh, when in a city I could go to the peep-arcade or a XXX all-male movie or the baths and get serviced. And it was fun in a casual and impersonal way, but I yearned for very much more than that. Because I had lived here so many years, my wife had been so well-known here. I had been reasonably successful and prominent here, and my children grew up here. I chose not to present a new persona in this small city. I knew nothing of the existence of publications and organizations serving older gay men; one doesn't find them listed in the Yellow Pages. Finally in a distant city I casually met a man who took me to his home. On his coffee table was an issue of CR! Immediately I subscribed. This was only three years ago now. By contacts made through CR I learned of Prime Timers, had a wonderful time at their Mardi Gras last February. Orlando and San Diego enabled me to meet and know men who, in a few cases, are now among my closest friends. You printed my photo as a model. I didn't get as many letters as I had hoped I might receive, but of those who wrote, I have now met seven in person. Not one was an unpleasant meeting. Three of these meetings have led to continuing visits and valued friendships. By incredible good luck, through someone I knew as a result of CR, I met a man of my age who lives in my town. This was a year and a half ago. We now are lovers, but since he is married, with kids and with relatives galore, we must be secret. Even so, we are devoted to each other and see each other two or more times a week. Sure, we meet the sexual needs of the other. Much more important, we provide each other with an anchor, a meaning, in this life. Who can know how many other men like myself have found happiness through you? In these three years, with your help, I have achieved greater contentment than I've ever known. Thank you with all my heart. (Initials and location withheld by request)

I must comment on your IN CLOSING remarks in CR #76. My immediate reaction was "way to go, Pat and Bruce!" In my opinion, you were so right to say what you said, in the way that you said it. I felt that it was a wake-up call to all of us, to help raise us up out of the depths of complacency and indifference. Sure, we love browsing through the beautiful pictures and classified ads, and reading the great stories, the FORUM, etc. But if we expect your organization to continue on and grow, we must heed your calls for help and involvement in important issues and not let all of the burdens fall on your shoulders. Yes, I am one of the guilty ones you were talking to. My problem was one of procrastination, and I do offer my deepest apologies for taking so long to respond. I want to volunteer for the Order of the Silver Simba. I have gone through deep bereavement in the loss of my lover six years ago. I did not have anyone in the gay world to counsel me through it, so it took me a long time to overcome my grief. But I feel that I do have something to offer, and I would like to try to give back anything that I can, in memory of "My Ron." I live in a small suburban community just outside and west of Philadelphia. I would attempt to meet with people you refer on a one-to-one basis, but if distance from me is a problem, I could be effective by use of the telephone or correspondence. As for being a "family," I encourage all of the other guys out there to get behind you and Bruce. I think the final sentence in your comments really said it all, which was, "...we love you dearly, and we'll go to the wall with you." If we, your readers do our part, there will be no reason to go to the wall. G.H./Pennsylvania

Busy, busy fingers. Click, click. Trash, trash. Spit the venom with the best of 'em. If the internet is coming to this, then I want to go back to typewriters, smoke signals and drums. Special message to Jeff (yeah, you, loud-

mouth!): If you occasionally read CR in Lambda Rising Bookstore in Washington, D.C., and never even saw a copy of CR #76, and are capable of churning out 3 to 4 acid-dripping pages of what you find wrong with CR #76 and Pat Colley, then why in hell do you subscribe to the Friends of CR electronic mailing list? I'll tell you why. You and your ilk so desperately need to have your "clever" and wickedly caustic babbling "published" that you resort to indiscriminately trashing people on some mailing list subscribed to by 300 men (and, thanks to the gossip mill, probably read by a three or four times that). What a wonderfully simple way to "publish" air head screed. EXOCET/ Newport Beach

It was with some sadness that I read your IN CLOSING article. As someone who genuinely appreciates what you guys are doing and who wants to be very much a part of your family at CR, I would like to pledge my support. Because of the miles that separate us I feel saddened that I cannot support you as much as I wish. All I want to say is keep up the good work. Guys like you are the salt of the earth. What people tend to forget is that for hundreds, probably thousands of men, the world is brighter and happier place specifically because of you and Bruce. Know that for every selfish, egotistical bastard that you have come across, there are hundreds of genuinely thankful men who appreciate you. Personally I have felt very isolated and insecure in a country like Scotland as regards my sexual preference for elderly gents. That was until, by pure chance, I came across your publication. Forget the pages full of cock. That's nice, but let us celebrate our basic humanity and our maleness and let us celebrate it, as you do, with dignity. I have struggled to subscribe yearly because I do not have a fixed address, but let me tell you, I, along with thousands of others, look forward to the day that the yellow envelope drops through the letter box. I hate to hear of people who are undermined when they are trying their best. Like all families it is during the difficult times that they should stick together and prove that they truly are family. Here is one person who, although many miles away, is very near to you in spirit. Pass on my regards to Bruce. I think he is a dish. A.D./Scotland

ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA

Regarding your IN CLOSING, specifically about the Order of the Silver Simba, your message hit home. In fact, I am ashamed of myself and deservedly so, because I do know that sense of loss. I know the consequent feelings of desperate loneliness, the sense of isolation and hopelessness. I should have jumped at the opportunity to provide some service to others experiencing the same. As you recall, I lost my first partner to a stroke in 1991. It was a devastating period in my life. Now Nick is in my life since April of '94. It took his love to heal my wounds. I recall visiting your home and looking over your shoulder as you put in long, hard hours for CR. I saw firsthand how terribly busy you are and always must have been since the inception of CR, yet during a difficult time in my life, you and Bruce MADE time to talk to me, a complete stranger at the time. You were a perfect example of compassion, and since I would like to follow your example, please add my name to the roster of the Order of the Silver Simba. A.P./Iowa

I regret not being in attendance at the Indianapolis Assembly. From all reports I heard, it was a smashing success. The reason I was unable to attend was because my 67-year-old partner of 12 years had a heart attack, compounded by congestive heart failure, and was hospitalized on August 13th. After much testing, the team of doctors reluctantly decided to do a triple bypass, combined with a carotid artery operation on August 23rd. Jack survived the procedure but died of complications four days later. I'd like to donate my Indianapolis registration fee towards a gift subscription for a needy senior in the memory of Jack Rooney. Also, I would feel most honored if you could please add my name to the growing list of volunteers in the Order of the Silver Simba so that I might be able to help another bereaved soul in my area. Though I have no professional training in grief counseling, I think I qualify experience-wise: Now having lost two lovers and almost losing Jack on two previous occasions, once to cancer and another to a heart attack six years ago, I've worked through a complete range of emotions. And thanks to antidepressants like Prozac and Paxil, the dark clouds are beginning to fade. I sincerely believe the old adage that it is through helping others that we help ourselves. STEPHEN JAMES

When George, my partner of 43 years, went over, no one wanted to help. Several gay organizations claiming to have the resources to help men like me could not be bothered. I'm personally leery of counselors. Someone should counsel *them*. My last counseling experience was with a "part-time lesbian" who allowed me an hour to grieve in her presence. I started to joke just to freak her out: "George went on a long trip. I don't know where, and I have to pay for it. Now is that fair?" Later: "I want to visit him, but how do I get back?" I do joke a lot about death. It seems to work. A lot of the guys who responded to my photo have lost loved ones and are pretty much lost. George suffered a bad head injury and lingered on with brain damage for years before he died. Since I was determined not to be one of those morbid men who stop living, I entered into a relationship with DANDEE prior to George's passing. I was doing fantastic until just tonight, when I came across a bottle George used. Like a nut I held it up to the light and saw his fingerprint on it. Count me in with the Order of the Silver Simba. CHUCKEE/ San Francisco

I for one feel guilty for not volunteering for the Order of the Silver Simba. My former lover passed away in 1988 from AIDS. We were together 13 years, we did everything together, we worked for the navy Department together, we bought our house together, the car, so many things, how I don't know. And when he was ill, he insisted he remain at home. We sort of suffered together and when the time

came, he died in my arms. Sharing this or helping anyone through this would be a tribute to him (Russell). I am so ashamed I have not helped before, but you kicked me in the ass and believe me it was appreciated. I do hereby volunteer for whatever duty I can perform. Ron and I found each other when I was hurting, in 1989. He was 30 and I was 59. I wondered, what the hell am I doing? It was then that he shared with me CR and you two. It was this last May that he finally convinced me to attend the Gathering in San Diego (a large group of gays at a straight hotel? I honestly was nervous) and it was an experience like I have never experienced before. All due to you guys. CR has made me proud to say I am gay and am no longer ashamed of it. When I saw the comradeship and the goodness shown there I was shocked. I am proud to be an "older" 66-year-old, "dirty old man." We understand you are probably tired of all the BS in the growing of a big business. You have grown big and you have, I don't know, many thousands of guys who depend upon you in many ways. Don't get discouraged, and if cutting the Classics will help (I am sure many will be vocal and bitch, but let them and pay no mind), then do what you do best: put out a "classic" every issue, because every issue is a "classic" in its own way. As long and I am alive, Ron and I will be with you guys and for you in whatever endeavor you go into. B.C./San Diego

CR AS CRUISING DEVICE

I'm a GBM in my late forties who's been reading CR for the last four years, and it has been a great joy for me. I've always loved and admired mature men who I think exude a special sexuality and passion that a younger man wouldn't understand at times. I have not subscribed because when I go to the bookstore to buy CR, I like to make sure any mature men around see me reading it. That way they know I like mature men. Again, thanks to you and your staff. Sorry *CRonus* failed. I enjoyed it. O.L./Minneapolis

LONELY IN OHIO

I really appreciated your concern in CR #74 for G.W./Ohio, the one who wrote model PETER PETROCLUS. Any chance I might make contact with him since I live in Columbus? Please help if you can. I too wrote to PETER and mailed it to you, but it must have been received by his family. On page 7 of the same issue, "Laughing On The Outside ..." I wish I could contact C.J./Louisiana, but I have no computer. I too was one of those married guys, but I knew I liked men. I am now a widower and it's a bummer. I am chunky, furry and 66. Looking for a closeted love, because my family doesn't know. I do live alone and my mail is private. COLUMBUS FURRY

The magic words: "chunky, furry and 66." Write to COLUMBUS FURRY as you would a model. PHC

OOPS

I have to tell you that I love the way you handled the recent photo of me. Very classy, if I do say so. Makes me look better than real life. One minor point... in the profile there is a slight typo. It says that I like to exchange GIFTS ... oops! ... it should say that I like to exchange photos and GIFS (electronic photos). Well, okay, gifts WOULD be nice, but .... I wouldn't want anyone to think that I'm greedy. Hey, I'll let you know if I get any "gifts" in the mail! *Giggle!* Hugs! SILENUS HONEY

GREETINGS FROM VENEZUELA

I am writing to you in order to request information about your magazine devoted to mature men. As a young gay male, I have always been attracted to older males, but unfortunately we don't have any kind of means to get in touch with people in that age group here in Venezuela. One of the reasons why I am fascinated by mature men is that they are more prone to establish long-term relationships, rather than being interested in one-night stands. Besides, mature men are savvier when it comes to relationships founded in love, mutual respect, and caring for each other. I was living in the U.S. for some months, but regretfully I found out about you magazine just two days before I came back to South America. I am 28 years old, 5'-11" in height, and 150# in weight, black straight hair, tanned complexion. I am bilingual (English-Spanish) and can speak some French too. I have a Bachelor's degree in Journalism. I hope I can, with the help of your magazine, meet some nice gentlemen with whom I can establish some kind of friendship by mail, and why not? Maybe something more. CARACAS

POSITIVE REINFORCEMENT

I'm a 53-year-old gay man who wasn't coping very well with being overweight, bald and dealing with a bad hip joint, which keeps me from being able to exercise. My self-esteem had dropped considerably since those days ten or fifteen years ago when I was working out three or four times a week and was in great physical shape. I had come to view senior citizenhood as a dreary process of becoming older, uglier and more and more isolated. Then, about six months ago, I happened to see an issue of CR in a Nashville bookstore. I truly couldn't believe my eyes. I bought that issue and the next, and the next. I'd subscribe if I could afford it. To be able to see other men my age and older of ALL body types, from slender and muscular to overweight and out of shape, gray-haired, white-haired or bald, and generally exhibiting all the effects of advancing years; to see those men looking extremely sexy, interesting, vital and coping beautifully with their years has made me realize that I don't have to be dead before I die. It's been quite a revelation, and has had an incalculable positive effect on my life. If I can find a photographer, I'm even going to submit some nude photos for your consideration. You are providing men like me with an immeasurable positive reinforcement. I hope nothing happens to prevent your continuing to publish a magazine which has such a beneficial effect on the many men who see it. S.W./Tennessee

DON'T MISS THE BIGGEST GATHERING EVER!

THE 7TH ANNUAL CR SPRING GATHERING
MAY 23 THROUGH 26, 1997
RADISSON TWIN TOWERS, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

FRIDAY FOLLIES DINNER SHOW starring Marshal, Sam Baker and all the gang

SATURDAY ALL-PRO DINNER SHOW starring Jay Beatty, Pauly Teardrop, and U.K. Cowboy

SUNDAY AWARDS BANQUET featuring the Mr. Simbadaddy '97 Contest, and a lifetime achievement award to Woody Baldwin and Sean O'Neill

THREE COCKTAIL PARTIES

PRIVATE SPORTSBAR complete with d.j. dancing, cabaret entertainment, billiards, electronic games, and outrageous cruising

FILM FESTIVAL masculine, homoerotic, mature men featured in British, Australian, and U.S. movies. Clips from television shows, and an outrageous sneak preview

A SIZZLING ONGOING POOL PARTY

ALL NEW, SPECTACULAR WORKSHOPS including, but not limited to, senior health, the internet, bereavement, and even nude photography (featuring Macro and Freddy Gator)

RECITAL SERIES

ART EXHIBIT

MERCHANDISE CENTER

RUN OF HOTEL

UPWARDS OF 2,000 MEN EXPECTED

the hotel is filling up very fast ...
over 400 rooms already sold!

A TABLE FOR ONE

by Pug Snider

The half-empty livingroom, already stripped of the long velvet sofa, the watercolors, and all the better pieces, bore little resemblance to the once-attractive quarters that Buck and I had shared for nearly fifteen happy years. Invalids-R-Us had not yet picked up the ugly hospital bed and the other unpleasant contraptions that had been a part of his care all during a feverish nightmare of a summer till finally, at the first chill of autumn, he slipped quietly away. He got his wish. How many times had I heard him say, "I don't ever want to get old"?

Buck had been a typical Army brass. Yet he always maintained that his colonel's uniform felt like some gaudy costume out of a bad operetta. Be that as it may, he was highly efficient, even to the extent of long ago taking care of details which, to me, had been too morbid to consider. As a consequence, he was cremated and scattered before anybody had a chance to organize a conventional send-off with music and full buffet.

The smoke had scarcely cleared away (no pun intended) when I began to receive a series of phone calls, notes and visits from straights and gays alike. Everybody wanted to make sure that I was not existing on Kentucky Fried Chicken or jumping into wild plans to maybe settle into one of those retirement communities out in Arizona.

Everybody wanted to "fix me up." Zealous friends figured that three weeks constituted decent mourning time. By Thanksgiving I was deluged with intros to this one and that one, not a one of whom I would possibly have considered a replacement for old Bucko. My longtime partner was a tough act to follow. However, I have to admit that the little flurry of activity—and some of it was fairly frantic—helped to keep me from feeling too sorry for myself. By Christmas I was numb.

I know that I sound ungrateful. Even "picky." Whatever, I realized that eventually I would have to find the right somebody strictly on my own. On the morning of December thirty-first, I made up my mind to get out of town. The prospect of a New Year's Eve, kissing and being kissed by a bunch of drunks at Gene's traditional bash, bolstered my decision to see the new year in all by myself. Buck had always been foolishly sentimental about New Year's. In fact, it had been at one of Gene's famous New Year's affairs that Buck and I first met back in 1980. By noon I was on a bus to Iowa City, seventy-five miles away. By five that afternoon my three suitcases, my typewriter, and I were settled into a nice little apartment a couple of blocks from the University.

Why did I choose to ride the bus? Especially in view of the fact that Buck had left me his "baby"—another of his sentimental streaks—his classic vintage '38 LaSalle. It was a sweet gesture, but the stick shift baffled me, and I lost no time selling it for a tidy sum. It was money that was to come in very handy. And while on the subject, it came as something of a shock to discover that Buck's cash and securities all went to his two sons and a daughter. I got the LaSalle. But that was not all. As I have said before, Buck was a very efficient, farseeing man. Admittedly complex, but wiser than anyone could have guessed. Especially me. Along with the LaSalle I received a sealed envelope with a simple note written at the onset of his illness, when he knew that I would soon be left to my own devices. His last written words, his brusque style masking his underlying concern for my well-being, stated something to the effect that he hoped that I would get off my ass and finish the book that I'd started and then abandoned once I came to accept too easily the soft life that his partnership provided. It was he who had borne the major expenses of our high living including trips to the Caribbean, frequent jaunts to Chicago, nice clothes, spacious apartment with pool and sauna. I seldom had a real job, and he never complained. Buck may have been a very sick man, but it was a healthy piece of wisdom that he left me in that note: "One, write it. Two, write it again. Three, write it RIGHT!" He knew me better than I know myself. And he had faith in me.

I always liked Iowa City. Buck had graduated from the university there, and I'd gone there with him on a couple of class reunions. As a high school dropout, I was more than impressed at the extent of the lovely rolling green campus, the gentle river, and the mellow grandeur of the collegiate architecture. Now, without transportation, but with money in my pocket, I walked all over the town and out into the countryside, not quite ready to follow instructions and get busy on my novel. There were plenty of good restaurants, and each night I'd try a different one, always alone. Buck's favorite had been the older of the two best hotels, one with elderly waiters, real linen and crystal and brocade-draped windows looking out over the main drag and small park across the way. We had always sat at one of the tables by the windows. However, being a lone diner, I was invariably rushed past the preferred tables and seated at a small table off to one side. "Table for one" was a dirty word, so I began to eat my dinners over at a place across the street which featured a long counter and an unimpressive row of booths. At the counter, at least, I had the sociability of the chatty waitress and the man who dished up

the cholesterol I craved.

There was undoubtedly a gay community somewhere in that fairly good-sized city. Probably two or more gay bars. I made no effort to explore. I was determined to knuckle down to some serious writing. The voice of Buck was never far from my ear. I was being told to get my ass in gear. Hit those keys. Write till you get it right. And I did try. Trouble was, my muse was my cock. My efforts, pounded out in full heat, resulted in a half-dozen stories which were grabbed by a male porno magazine. The checks were not large, but they made me aware of the fact that the penis had a definite place in literature.

Looking ahead to a future where a window table—for two—was mandatory, I was pretty well resigned to the rude knowledge that I was not likely to get picked up by another Buck who would subsidize the kind of standards I missed. At best I hoped for an ordinary guy and enough money of my own to pay my share of expenses. First, make some dough. Second, find a compatible partner and go fifty-fifty. The bottom line was simply, "You ain't gettin' any younger, and you're too old to sponge."

Various money-making plans revolved in my head until finally I woke up one morning following a remarkably vivid dream in which I was teaching a class. A dozen desks faced a platform on which sat an incredibly handsome, well-developed, long-haired, bearded, slightly greying middle-aged man who was completely nude. Unlike a life class where the model must hold a pose while students sketched him, this man busied himself from time to time: Lighting a cigarette, eating a banana, trimming his pubic hair. And strangest of all, retiring to what must have been a shower offstage, he returned and went through an elaborate and thorough toweling-off with a great deal of attention to the drying of his wild mane of curly hair and a careful retraction of the generous foreskin which hooded his near-donkey-size penis. His heavily weighted scrotum received a gentle shower of talcum powder. When this little chore was completed, he returned to his chair and leafed through a copy of the *Wall Street Journal.* Enough of this and he, as though suddenly aware of his duties as a host, stepped down and circulated among the desks, offering chocolates from a huge five-pound box. Some took the candy. Some refused politely. A few of the students not only accepted a chocolate but reached out and stroked the man's powerful butt or tested the flexibility of the silken sheath which guarded the purplish knob threatening at any moment to spring forth.

The dream continued. I was the teacher, and I followed close behind the nude subject, now and then checking to see what my students were writing in their blue notebooks or on their yellow legal pads. Some had written not one word. These I suspected were not writers at all, merely taking the class as peeping toms. Still others had filled pages and pages. There was only one woman in the class. The rest were all young men between the ages of eighteen and maybe thirty. The woman, a housewife type of perhaps fifty, had written what amounted to almost a lengthy short story. She had given the naked man a name, Jacob, and she had contrived a fantasy in which she was his slave. I graded her work A plus.

One young man who was using a word processor seemed to have come with no plot at all, but his clinical description of the man's private parts, in fact the entire anatomy right down to the toes, made me think that here was a pre-med student applying for extra credit.

In the last part of my dream the class received a surprise visit from an important man whom I judged to be the head of the department. He shook my hand and commended me for having put together such an ingenuous addition to the university's Creative Writing Department. He kept saying, "Totally inspiring conception!" And I kept saying to myself, "The art classes have drawn from life all these years. How come it took so long to teach writing from life?"

I lost no time in hurrying over to the University, and I finally got hold of one of the big shots, a man who had been an instructor of Buck's many years ago. He well recalled his old student and expressed sorrow when I mentioned Buck's sad end. Pretty much suspecting that the old codger was a "member of the club" (he had a habit of centering his glance in the vicinity of my crotch), I was not too surprised when he pulled the strings that resulted in my being taken on for a trial semester as a fully accredited professor with my course "Writing From Life."

First on my agenda was to locate a suitable "model" who would be as cooperative as the one in my dream. As luck would have it, Buck's former professor—always with an ear to the ground—told me about the young man who had done some posing for a class in sculpture. His name was Steve, and he was at present working for small change as a mime down at the mall. I beat it over to where he was entertaining a bunch of Chinese tourists who seemed to be enchanted with his pantomime of a man's trying to fight his way out of a glass cage.

When the little performance was over, I cornered Steve, introduced myself and explained what I had in mind. I left out none of the details of what might be expected of him, right down to the full exposure of genitalia and accompanying nitty-gritty. Probably because of the fact that he was starving, he agreed to the setup. He did mention, however, that he had never worked without a jockstrap. Here's where I made it absolutely clear that writers seeking to hone their talents were entitled to the "works" without any concealment. I upped the salary another ten bucks an hour. He said, "Got'cha," and the insistence on the jockstrap was dropped.

As we strolled back to the campus, Steve was full of questions. "These aspiring writers—these students who want to see cock—what kind of crap do they write? Dirty stuff like in those hardcore mags you see down at the little bookstore next to the bus terminal?" There was no telling whether he was gay or straight, but apparently the little guy knew his way around.

Thinking back to my dreams I answered him as best I could: "No tell-

ing, really. Each student may react in a different way, in accordance with whatever inspiration he or she receives from what they see up on that platform." My answer seemed to satisfy him, and I could see the wheels turning, undoubtedly dredging up a whole new bag of mime tricks, this time in the nude. As for myself, I could hardly wait to get my class organized. Steve was the cutest thing I'd seen in ages, and my depression of the past few months lifted considerably.

Everybody was terribly interested in this newest addition to the curriculum. After all, wasn't it within these hallowed halls that Tennessee Williams had gotten his start? The only space they could find for my class was down in the basement of one of the oldest buildings on campus. Right next to the boiler room. Twelve hopefuls signed up, after thoroughly understanding that the basic techniques of the course were not to be discussed outside that basement room. We weren't in Kansas, Dorothy, but we were in Iowa, many miles from Greenwich Village. I did not want the joint to be raided even before we had a chance to prove the benefits of my highly unorthodox method of bringing about a greater truth and realism to modern American literature.

My worries were all for nothing. The twelve writers were not only discreet but also dedicated, imaginative, and truly productive. The whole thing worked because of Steve. He was possessed of the catnip magnetism of Warren Beatty, the zany inventiveness of Robin Williams, and—even though he was a little guy—packed an impressive piece of equipment that rivaled that of the legendary Tony Bennett, whom I had had the pleasure of standing smack next to at the Flamingo urinals. Buck had been envious when I came back to our table and bragged about getting the great man's autograph and an eyeful as well.

The great variety of personalities, from a swashbuckling pirate to a country bumpkin, which Steve presented to his hungry audience, brought about a body of really fine writing including humor, sophisticated sleaze, tender love stories, and in one case a Christ-figure as well. To illustrate, a Mrs. Johnson, who always sat in the very first row of desks, right on top of the action, pounded a noisy old Underwood and, confessing to what she said was a religious experience, produced a small masterpiece which she titled "Incident on Calvary." And immediately sold it for a nice chunk of dough.

Manuel, who spoke only a few words of English, typed away on a very efficient-looking electric machine. Page after page, all in Spanish, so I never really found out what the hell he was writing about. However, because of his industry, I gave him a B.

A snotty little kid in the back row, son of a big-shot banker in Des Moines, dawdled with notebook and pencil but never came up with anything resembling a proper sentence. He openly complained that he was sorely in need of a little inspiration from the female gender. I had already anticipated something like this, and I explained that later in the course there would be a female model. When I mentioned that she was approximately sixty years old, he said, "Forget it," and dropped out the next day.

From the very start, the whole thing was so exhilarating that I went home at night and really applied myself to my novel. Steve's neat little body gave me more inspiration than I could handle. It wasn't just the body. He had a personality and honesty about him that got to me. I pictured a future with a guy like that. I knew I was far too old for him, but then I kept telling myself, hadn't Buck shied away from me at first? Hadn't Buck considered himself too old for me? Yet, after our first real "date" hadn't the gap in our ages just melted away? And weren't there even times when I almost felt like I was the elder of the two, in spite of the fact that he was just six years younger than my Dad?

By semester's end, with the class folding up after a bit of flak from the City Fathers who got wind of what was going on in our basement workshop, my novel was completed. I would be out of a job and so would Steve, although he said he could always pick up a few bucks miming over at the mall. Which was more than I could pick up anywhere.

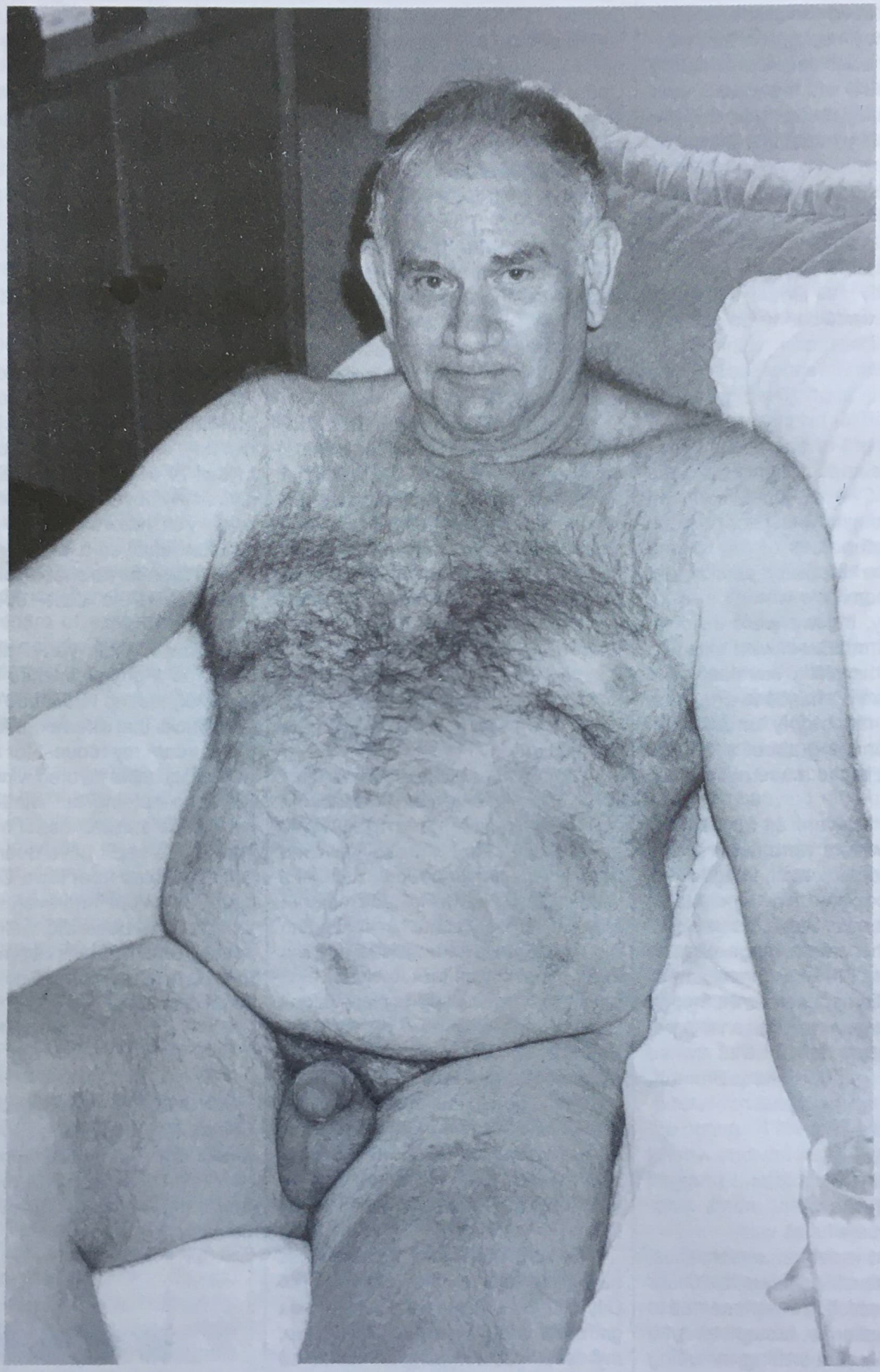
I was just about ready to pack up and go back to Illinois and avail myself of the opportunities always arising at Gene's famous Fourth of July parties, usually even more outrageous than his wild, New Year's Eve extravaganzas. I was saved from such a fate when I got a beautiful letter from Knopf. They had read my novel *The Mime in the Boiler Room* and wanted to publish it. Glory Hallelujah!

Good things come in bunches. That evening Steve came around to my little apartment. (I hadn't been aware that he knew where I lived.) I was on my way out to dinner, ready to treat myself to a small celebration on the sale of my novel. I was headed for the swanky old hotel where Buck and I had so often enjoyed a window table, resigned to settle for a table for one back next to where the kitchen door clanged open and shut.

"Mind if I join you?" and Steve, eager as a puppy, latched on to me, reporting that he had made almost fifteen bucks that afternoon. At the hotel dining room my request for a table for two put us at the favored window table. It's been nothing but window tables ever since that wonderful evening. In fact, Steve and I have been enjoying window tables from Iowa City to Chicago, New York, and even in the Caribbean. The book did well. I am no sponge and neither is Steve. He more than pays his own way. Buck would be so proud of me.

PUG SNIDER, 83, is a CR Hall of Famer who lives on the southern California coast. Originally from the near-north side of Chicago, he longs to hear from readers who lived there during the 50s and 60s.

ZIPPER



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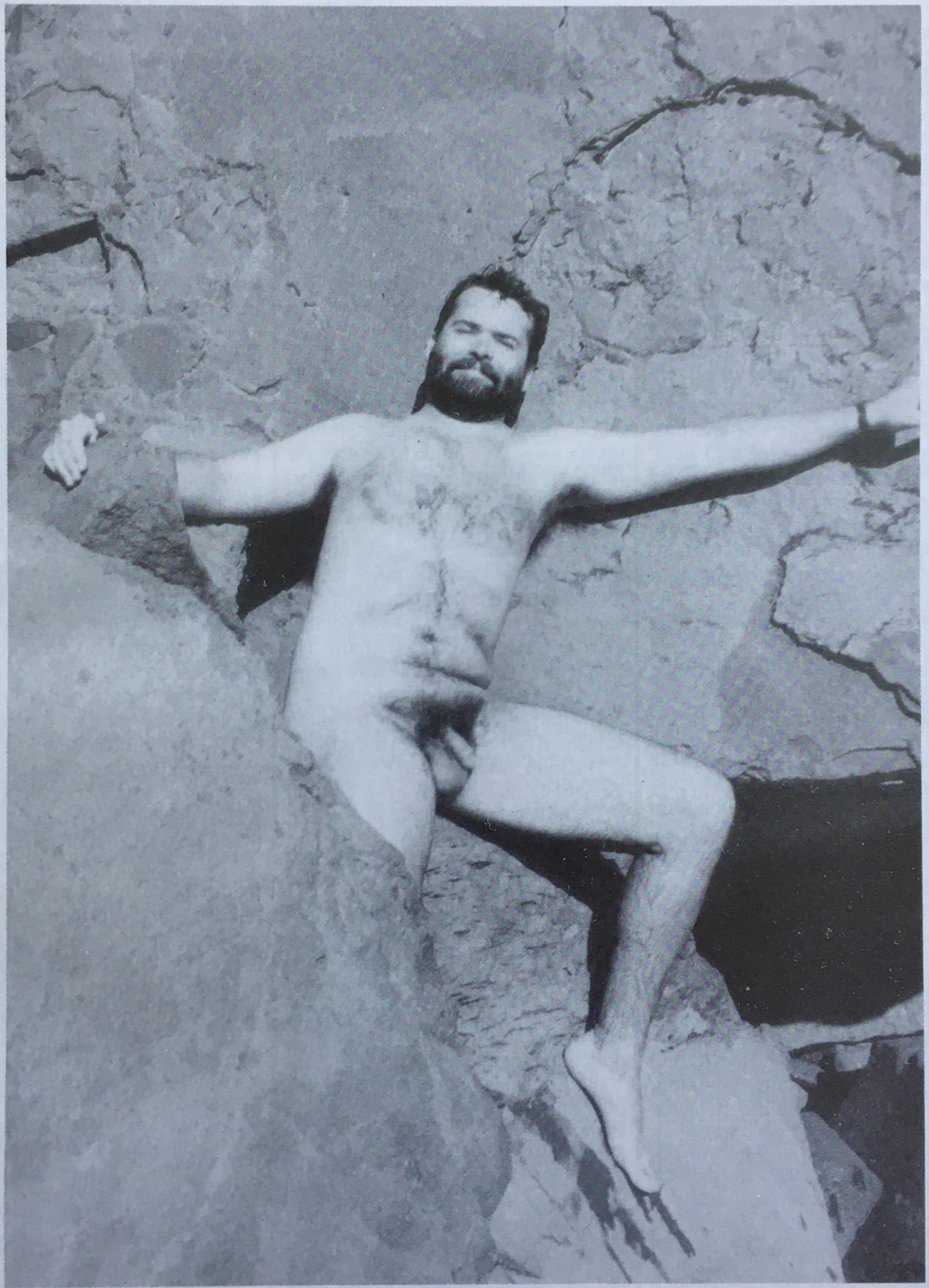


Christmas Help

by Tecumseh

Eddie Byrd walked a lot up and down the street in front of his home in Staunton, Virginia. He walked to the convenience store on the corner, to the restaurant where he took his weekend meals, to the post office, to the video shop, to the drug store—all within three blocks of his house. He walked several times a day, making his rounds, never leaving home and his medicines too far behind. Having exceeded the life span of every male in his family by twenty years, he was determined not to deviate from the pattern which had rescued him and kept him hale since 1970 when he had his first and only heart attack. The doctor had said, "Walk!" and Eddie obeyed. He was not about to check out of this life one moment sooner than necessary because, as the last surviving Byrd, he felt a familial obligation to make the wine last as long as he was able.

Eddie lived in the house his mother had built when he was six and was there when his father and brother died. He tended to his invalid mother many years until she, too, passed away, and he was content to end his days in the same house. The oldest furnishings were packed away in the attic to protect them from decay. A set of dishes, conventional in 1935, were now antiques in perfect condition, and scrapbooks that chronicled the lives that had flourished around him gathered dust along with other carefully boxed memories.

Eddie knew the genealogy of every family for several blocks around, and all the current generation called him by his first name and accepted him as part of the neighborhood they inherited. Some rumored he was gay because he was small and neat, well-educated, well-spoken, and kept himself so fit. But there was never another man to link him to; neither was there a woman.

In fact, Eddie was gay, had known it for forty years, but had never acted on it. He was content to live his mother's expectations of him, except in one regard. She had sent him to Staunton, the nearby military academy, as she had with his brother before him, but Eddie had dropped out. He wanted something more artistic, less physically demanding. They compromised on physical therapy. "It will do him good to use his hands; he reads too much," she had said, and that's how Eddie earned his living. The closest he ever came to touching anyone was on the job, in a "professional" way that satisfied whatever longings he may have had for more intimate contact.

After his mother died Eddie was alone. Then the heart attack brought his life away from home to an end. He retired from his profession, stopped taxing himself with the daily commute into the city, and structured his life for survival. Charming, attractive, and, in some ways, elegant, he never lacked for friends who invited him along as a third or fifth wheel, and he was considered an asset at a cocktail party. He would have continued this way indefinitely, he thought, except for one madcap affair with Dave, the traveling salesman he met at one of the parties.

The man, twenty years Eddie's junior, simply bowled him over. He told Eddie he was far too attractive to spend his life innocent of sex and proceeded to show him the ropes. He was a very good salesman indeed.

In the two years the affair lasted, Eddie learned he had an unlimited capacity for a varied repertoire of sex. He hadn't known what he was missing because he had never experienced it; and he fell in love for the first time, in gratitude for the enlightenment.

But a traveling salesman does just that: after Dave was promoted to the West Coast office, Eddie got postcards from various locations, and then only cards at Christmas. Soon Dave was just a pleasant frustration who had opened doors to rooms that remained essentially unfilled. Eddie never regretted the liaison, because it was obviously better to have loved and lost than never to have been introduced to such enjoyable feelings. Just having felt them during that two-year period proved to him that life was well worth living.

When he wasn't walking, Eddie spent his time sipping iced tea on his screened-in front porch, watching the passing parade, discreetly admiring the joggers from the military academy who passed like clockwork in front of his house during the school year. He judged and graded cadets on a strict scale for appearance and personality. In the heat of summer, he held out a cup of water to his favorite joggers, who would mark time in place while they gratefully gulped the cool liquid, then thank him with a wave as they moved on. He was such a constant presence that, when he missed a day because of illness or allergy, they remarked on it the next time they saw him. He developed the knack of extracting detailed information from them, in snatches, as they jogged past. By the time a handsome cadet graduated, Eddie was considered a friend.

"Hi, Fred," Eddie called as the mailman came up the steps of the front porch on a scorcher of a June day. "Oh, sorry. You don't look anything like Fred; I was fooled by the uniform."

"I'm Tom, sir. I work for the Postal Department in Churchville. They needed some replacements here because of summer leave, and then Fred broke a foot. I'll be your mailman for two or three months, I guess. Just think of me as Christmas help a little early."

Eddie noted the change in mailman with delight. Tom was easy on the eyes, whereas Fred was a beer-bellied contemporary.

"I must say, visually, you're an improvement."

Tom's eyes flashed up at Eddie. A smile broke out across his face as he acknowledged the compliment. "You look pretty good yourself."

Eddie's eyes went skyward as though he had just been informed his

gladiolus had won first prize. "Ah, well. At my age, one does what one can."

"Where do you work out?"

"Inside. Ritualistically," Eddie added, gesturing at the door behind him. "You must spend all your spare time in the gym from the looks of you."

"I guess I do. I'm glad somebody noticed. I don't do much else beside work and work out," Tom allowed.

"No friends?"

"I nursed a sick mother until she died. I guess, like a flower nipped in the bud, my time to blossom passed. I'll have to wait for next spring, whenever that comes."

"I did that, too. We have something in common. And you have no family? A girlfriend, perhaps?" It was amazing to Eddie how he could slip in lines like that with a straight face. It took years of practice.

"Yeah, girls chase me. But ..." Tom's eyes looked past Eddie into the distance. "That's not what I want."

"What do you want?" Eddie asked with honed sensibility.

"I don't know." Tom's eyes returned to Eddie's. "I honestly can't say."

A beat of silence. Then Eddie cleared his throat audibly. "Well, this is getting a bit heady for the porch steps. Perhaps, you'd like to come in and chat awhile?"

Tom woke from his reverie. "Nah, I've got work to do." He handed the mail to Eddie and started down the steps. "But I'll be back every day. Nice talking to you."

"Every day?" Eddie called. "What about Sunday?"

"That's my day off. That's when we can really chat."

"I'll look forward to it." Eddie waved the letters he was holding at Tom. "If you see Fred, tell him I hope he's back on his feet soon." He said it with conviction, for Fred, like Eddie, was a community fixture; but in his heart Eddie knew he would enjoy every moment of Fred's convalescence.

In subsequent days, Eddie made increasingly knowledgeable small talk with the postman as he divined details of Tom's life. Tom, too, had been attached to his now-deceased mother, who had been English. He bowled with the team at work one night a week, but otherwise was alone. Girlfriends hadn't worked out for him; they wanted to get married, and Tom wasn't sure that's what he wanted. He read a lot because he didn't have any friends, but he had no one with whom to discuss what he read.

By Sunday, they were friends, and when Tom came by on his own time, Eddie invited him to dinner. They had a very pleasant conversation that first night about Anne Rice. Her vampire tales led easily into her soft porn stories, but Tom showed no interest. Eddie directed him to other books he might enjoy and introduced him to his extensive classical record collection, which played endlessly in the background as they chatted. The Sunday visits became a ritual.

Tom was willing to spend long hours with him, listening to music, talking about anything and everything, but it was almost impossible to solicit information about Tom's sex life. Tom was cautious to silent when commenting about sexual ideas.

Eddie's passion was mystery novels which he fed Tom at a rapid rate. Many had a gay protagonist, but, although Tom would discuss the plots, he never had a thing to say concerning the lifestyle aspects. The only time he commented was when the killer trapped penises stuck through a glory hole in the men's room by spiking them with a pin, then climbed under the locked stall and strangled his victims while they writhed in agony.

"Ouch," said Tom, "that must hurt."

By the end of August, Fred was back on the job. Tom visited some more Sundays but, by November, the relationship had diminished to a weekly telephone call.

Concerned, Eddie invited Tom to share Thanksgiving dinner in a restaurant with him. Dressed up, Tom's body glowed, easily the most vital man in the room, but his eyes refused to smile and he seemed distracted. Eddie was surprised that his highly developed techniques failed to break through to what ailed Tom. Eddie thought himself relatively easy to confide in, but Tom evaded him by avoiding small talk. He was perfectly content to let Eddie fill the conversational void.

After that, Eddie seemed to get Tom's answering machine whenever he called. He suspected Tom was screening his calls. Then one blustery evening about two weeks before Christmas, with a light snow falling, Eddie saw Tom coming down the street with a seasonally over-stuffed pack on his shoulder. It should have been no weight at all for a man of Tom's physique, but Tom looked like he might not make it to the front door.

"Hey, Tom," Eddie said to the shivering postman, "you must be coming down with something. Here, let me take that." He reached for the heavy leather sack on Tom's back.

Surprisingly, Tom offered no resistance as he surrendered the bag to Eddie and sat heavily on the steps without a word.

"Come inside, Tom. I'll make you a hot cup of tea. You look like you need it."

Tom looked up at Eddie in the dimming light, snowflakes clinging to his lashes making his eyes look like frosted ornaments, and considered the request. He was on the job, and a cup of tea was not what he was getting paid for, but, oh! it would be so nice to rest, to be warm and comfortable just for a moment. He smiled despite his weariness and followed Eddie indoors.

Eddie offered Tom a chair at the dining table where he sat with his coat on. "Take that wet thing off, Tom. You'll warm up much faster. The tea will only take a minute."

While the water boiled Eddie kneaded Tom's shoulders, thrilled to be touching the big muscles that flanked his neck, but also aware that he was skilled at physical therapy, and that he was giving Tom what he needed. Tom moaned softly, nodding his head to work out the kinks in his shoulders, and mumbled a soft "Thank you." The kettle whistled a response.

Eddie returned with a steaming cup which Tom doctored with sugar and milk in the English style. And, although right-handed, he lifted the cup to his lips with his left, so that his right hand was free to place on the back of Eddie's

thigh. To Tom it seemed a natural act of friendship; Eddie, unused to being touched, worried about it. He said, "That's nice," intending to mean the tea if Tom pulled his hand away.

Tom drank the hot liquid slowly, blowing on the surface. Then his hand moved to Eddie's buttock, and even Tom knew it was no longer an act of friendship. He set the cup down and pulled Eddie an inch nearer, and laid his head against Eddie's firm stomach. For a long moment, they stood adjusting to the new intimacy as Christmas music on the radio filled the air. Eddie looked down on Tom's blond waves and ventured to finger them.

"Do you know what I want, Tom? I'd like you to come upstairs and lie down on the bed while I give you a real massage. You'll feel better: I know I will. And then you can finish your rounds refreshed."

Tom stood and followed Eddie up the stairs. With understanding that didn't need words, Tom removed all his clothes without looking up. He lay stretched face down on the bed and waited. He was so much bigger than Eddie, it seemed to Eddie his king-size bed had suddenly become smaller.

Fully clothed, Eddie sat beside Tom, put some oil on his hands, and began to rub the heavy shoulder muscles. To get his weight into it, he soon shifted to his knees on the bed and ended up straddling the nude form. The work was hard, and Tom's muscles bunched and knotted. As he worked on the murmuring man, he stopped to remove his sweater and re-oil his palms. He worked his way down Tom's back, causing big exhalations of pleasure. Tom's buttocks lifted unexpectedly as he repositioned his cock beneath him.

Eddie knelt between Tom's legs and worked his calves, and then did a really sensuous job on his feet. He asked, not sure of the response, "Will you turn over now?"

There was a pause as Tom adjusted to the inevitable. With one flex of his arms, he flipped over and exposed the rigid erection pressed against his belly. Eddie gasped. "That's very beautiful," he said in all honesty.

"Please touch it," Tom whimpered. "Please."

Eddie willingly complied in as gentle a fashion as he was capable. Then he kissed the flaring head, and introduced it to his tongue. As he slipped the beautifully shaped erection into his mouth, he found himself thinking of Dave. Funny, he thought, it's like riding a bicycle. No matter how long between, once you learn, you never forget.

Blond hair came into focus as Eddie's tongue wet the full length of the rigid member. Now his mind entertained the fleeting impression of Deborah Kerr as she prepared for John Kerr's first experience in *Tea and Sympathy*. Eddie wasn't saving Tom from homosexuality, but asexuality, which, he had learned, was far worse.

Tom's beautiful body began to thrust as it was intended to. He thrashed wildly on the bed with Eddie hanging on with all his strength. Then Tom erupted pearly lava, and he came to a rest, eyes gently closed, the pained mask of his face relaxed.

After a moment's hesitation, Eddie stripped off his clothes and lay down next to the resting giant. Without opening his eyes, Tom enclosed Eddie in a muscular arm and they lay in silence for a time. Then, as though a clock had gone off in his head, Tom sat erect, jumped from the bed and began to dress. Eddie watched with some concern.

"Don't worry about me, Ed. I'm fine. That was wonderful. It's what I've wanted for a long time, but was too afraid to ask. Now I need some time to understand what's happening inside me. I'll be back."

Not prone to anticlimactic analysis, Eddie threw on a robe and helped Tom to dress. He experienced warm satisfaction as he watched Tom fling the mail sack to his shoulder as though it were weightless. Tom gave him a peck on the cheek and said, "Thank you, my friend," as he bounded down the steps into the dark winter night. Eddie watched after him thinking, if nothing comes of it, at least he'll have this one night to remember.

After not hearing from him, and having the good sense to give Tom all the time he needed, Eddie was delighted on Christmas day when Tom brought him a book as a gift. They spent the day in warm intimacy, and Eddie demonstrated to Tom all he knew of how two men made love. Their relationship moved forward in quantum jumps, as opposed to steadily, because there were great lapses between meetings. In the meantime, Tom was getting around, going into town, meeting people. Finally, as Eddie expected, one day in spring Tom arrived with a friend in tow.

The two men looked happy, and Tom expressed confidence that he was ready to try living with another man. Eddie conquered a natural pang of envy for their happiness, their youth, their future.

"I'll miss being with you very much," he told Tom in private. "And I'll be here for you as long as I'm able, when you need to regroup and marshal your forces."

"I know that," Tom said, "and I'll always love you for it, for all you've done for me. You've made a whole man of me. I can't thank you enough."

"I'll look for you again this Christmas, coming down the street with your pack on your back. Be happy. That will make me happy."

Anguish played on Tom's face. "I feel awful about going off like this. I love you and I need you. But I don't know how to fit you into our lives."

"Tom, Tom," my Lord! Eddie realized that the young man's name in *Tea and Sympathy* was the same. He heard Deborah Kerr's voice in his head. "Think of me as you once asked me to think of you. I was just filling in until you found yourself. Think of me simply as Christmas help."

Tom laughed. "I thought it was me and it was you all the time." He pulled Eddie to him and kissed him tenderly. Then, with his lover beside him, Tom took his bittersweet leave.

TECUMSEH, 60, 5'-10", and 195#, lives in San Antonio with his life partner, KOKOPELLI. He enjoys interesting men of all ages. He likes fitness, writing, nudism, and bread making. His e-mail address: TecumxehTX@aol.com

PANNING FOR SILVER IN MONTREAL
by Patrick O'Connor

As far as I know, my lover and I are the only gay men living in the state of Vermont, so we decided to give Montréal a try. When we got there we called the "Gay Hotline" and told them what we were looking for. They sent us to a bar called AGORA where 25-year-olds were having a night of Karaoke (I insist on pronouncing it Carioca like the song Fred and Ginger danced to). Well, my lover Andrew is allergic to 25-year-olds, so we had a walk around The Village, the gay section of Montréal: nice restaurants, gay bars for twinkies, book stores; altogether a pleasant neighborhood.

Meanwhile, a friend with whom we were staying tried to get us to go to Montréal's most famous bar, CAMPUS, where beautiful young men dance on your table for five bucks and presumably on *you* for ten. He said there was no such thing as a *gerontophil* bar in Montréal. Wrong. A sympathetic cute waiter at THE TAVERN told us about METEOR and we hot-footed it there. It turned out to be the best intergenerational bar we'd ever been to, and we discovered in one weekend that French-Canadian Montréal is the best place for gerontophils in North America. *BAR METEOR*, 1661 St. Catherine St., is open from 11:00 am to 3:30 am every day. It is not expensive and it is, oh joy of joys, a dance bar. It has live music, a one-man band, and he plays everything: foxtrot, waltz, polka, samba, merengue, line-dancing, lindy, rock and roll. The clientele is eighteen to eighty and amiable. Most are French-speaking but, unlike Paris, if you should venture a *bon soir* or *voulez vous coucher avec moi çe soir*, you will get nothing but smiles and goodwill (and you might even get laid). An internet friend wanted me to rate it for elegance—rating: zero. But it is raucous and loud and wonderful. The waiters, the manager, and hat-check person could not be more accommodating, and they really like older guys. One caveat: people who have been working in bars for years—waiters, bartenders, musicians—all seem to lose their hearing after a time, so noise level is deafening.

A few doors from Meteor is ROCKY'S, which is not for the faint of heart, though it is not in any sense dangerous. The customers are out of Hogarth's London, or better yet, the third act of "The Three Penny Opera." Costumes: leather to Brooks Brothers suits. It has a pool table and videos showing continuous hard-core porno, plus there always seems to be a football game on. ROCKY'S is at 1673 St. Catherine St. and is open from 10:00 am until midnight. You'll be crazy about the chief waiter, the handsome Paulo, and if you're over 65, he'll be crazy about you. Play your cards right and you'll get a kiss. Both METEOR and ROCKY'S serve food. I was at Rocky's one Sunday night and the customers, most of whom look like they were in a biker movie, were playing a ladylike game of bingo. No hustlers at either place. I don't know of another place like it anywhere in the world.

As if that weren't enough, Montréal has a splendid restaurant called LE VAGABOND (1393 Rene-Levesque Est, Montréal). Phone 514-525-5448 for reservations, though they can always squeeze you in. LE VAGABOND is owned by an intergenerational couple, Regean Bosse and Fernand Mathieu. Regean is the young one and a great beauty. He's the one who'll be doing the squeezing, especially if you're over 65. The food is good and not expensive, and often they have special dinners for older gents and their admirers. We were there for a lovely party Christmas night, complete with Santa Clause and presents. We were there again for the Feast of the Three Kings, a big deal in Montréal. If you get a penny in your cake, you get to wear a crown for the evening and become Queen for a day. The young waiters are beauties; they like older men and are very attentive.

There's more: in Montréal there's an organization called "Forty Plus," and it meets once a month for dinner and dancing in a church hall. Before dinner there is a charming nonalcoholic cocktail party with paté and cheese and a fruit punch so no one gets very rowdy. The hall isn't much and the dinner is just okay (I hate Black Forest cake), but the dancing is wonderful. You can ask anyone to dance and everyone is quite agreeable. There's also lots of line dancing (how long has it been since you did the Madison?), country/western, Latin, polka, etc. I went to one of the Forty Plus dinner/dances in January, and I must say except for the CR convention, I've never had a better time at a gay event. We were introduced from the floor as friends from the U.S. and treated like honored guests. Once again the disc jockey is stone deaf, so the noise level is very high. But maybe it's just me.

Aside from all of the above, Montréal is a beautiful city with the best hotel in North America (The Ritz), superb restaurants, theaters, a great orchestra, and a splendid ballet company. And on the first warm day, everyone but everyone takes HIS clothes off. I'll be there ... dancing.

Vive la Montréal!

PATRICK O'CONNOR and his lover of many years live in Vermont where they are both ski instructors. His highly acclaimed book, DON'T LOOK BACK, published by Moyer/Bell is available at your local book store.

NEW AIDS VACCINE?

BY J. TYNKKYNEN

At the Hvidovre Research Institute near Copenhagen, a group of scientists have been doing research which may lead to a vaccine for AIDS or even a cure. Research spokesman Jon Erik Hansen says that the institute has been working for some years on the project and think they may have discovered a possible vaccine or cure.

The treatment method may facilitate effective protection against all types of HI-Virus in the future, says Hansen, but he adds that it is too early to predict when the treatment will be available for commercial use. Hvidovre has already sold the development rights to the Swiss corporation, BIY.

Most of the preceding attempts at developing an AIDS vaccine have been based on the study of proteins found on the surface of the HI-viruses. Since there is some fluctuation in viruses and their proteins, however, researchers—especially those in the U.S.—have not yet been able to make progress on an all-purpose vaccine for AIDS.

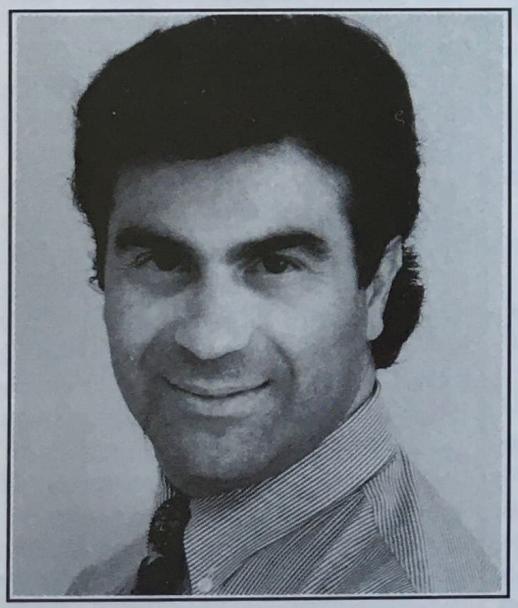
The new research is centered upon a saccharine (i.e. sugar-like) carbohydrate, which is found on the surface of the HI-viruses of all types. The Hvidovre research team found an antibody that blocks the carbohydrate, thus hindering the HI-virus from penetrating healthy human cells. The antibody may protect against HIV infection, but it probably does not affect viruses already inside the cells. So it is doubtful that the treatment method will cure AIDS, at least after the virus has escalated to the full extent.

So far, there is no public knowledge about the further development of the treatment method.

The idea behind the treatment method is that it hinders the virus from using the receptors on the human cells in order to obtain entrance into the cell. Jukka Suni with Aurora Hospital in Helsinki, Finland, says that the Hvidovre research is very interesting, but stresses that the carbohydrate may be too common in the human body for the antibody to be effective.

Suni says that the receptors are in general very interesting in the field of AIDS studies at the moment. He says there have been some recent studies in the U.S. showing that some Caucasians have a mutation in their genes leading into different receptors on the cells that inhibit the individual from being infected by HIV. According to Suni, this may explain why there is a relatively low frequency of HIV infections in countries such as Finland, and a high frequency in countries such as Zaire.

J. Tynkkynen is a 32-year-old journalist and author from Finnish Lapland. He will be keeping us advised on developments relative to the Hvidovre Method.



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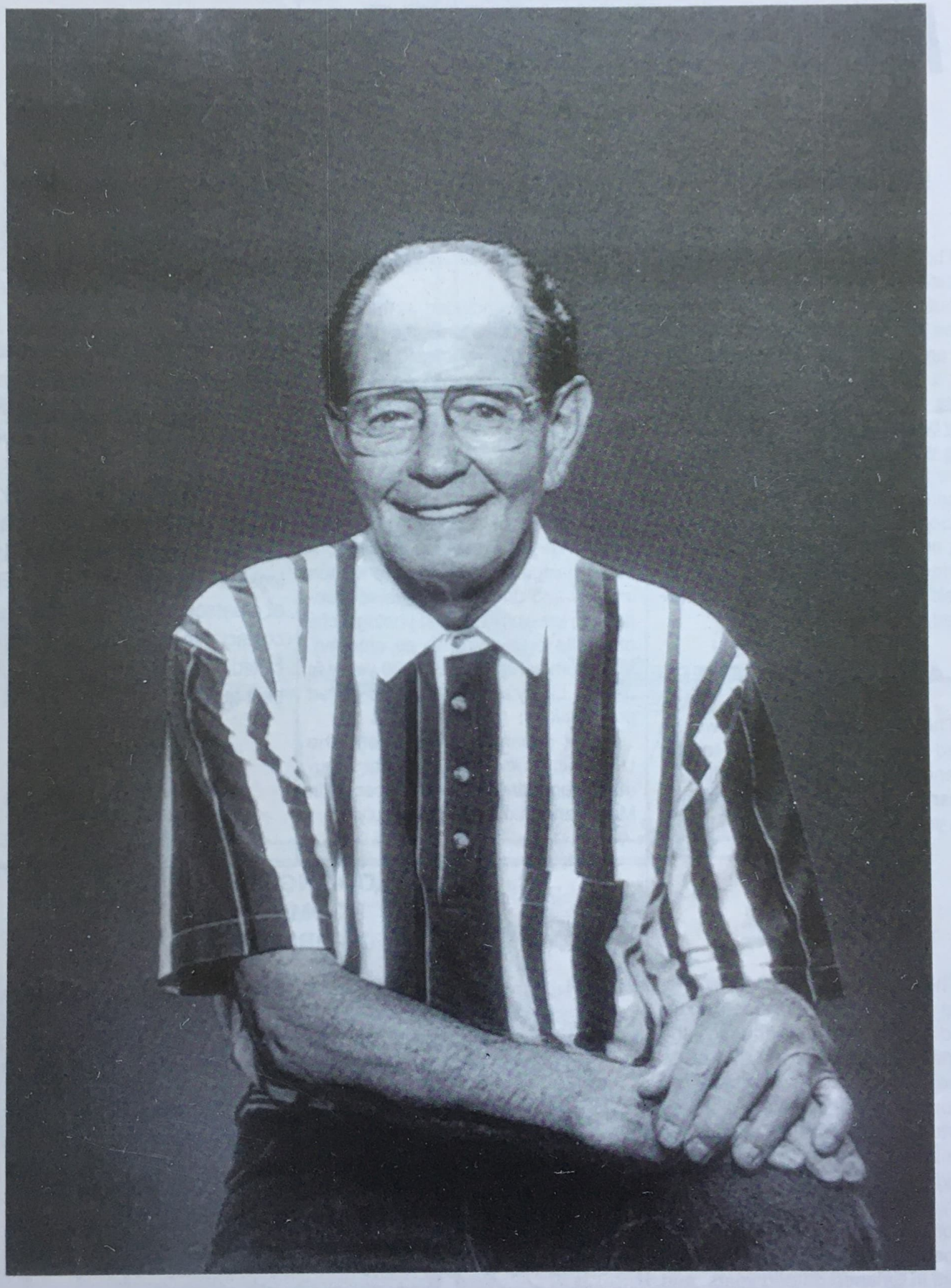

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GATHERING '97 CATCH 22

Those of you who are planning to book rooms at the Radisson Twin Towers but not participate in the events, please be warned: anyone stating that they are part of the CRPI group may book a room at the hotel, but hotel facilities (pool, restaurant, sports bar, lobby bar, etc.) will be available only to those wearing CR badges. You must pre-register with CRPI or purchase badges/tickets at the convention center door in order to participate in anything outside your room. Anyone not wearing a CRPI badge, whether at poolside or in the lobby, will be challenged.

CLASSICS #9 DELAYED

The final CR CLASSICS will be issued shortly after this issue, toward the end of December or the first of January. CRPI regrets this delay and begs your understanding.

NO MORE REGIONAL ASSEMBLIES

The Seattle and San Antonio Regional Assemblies have been abandoned. Only 160 men attended the Indianapolis event, and 130 showed up for the Charlotte convention, well under our break-even attendance of 200. Unfortunately, the Sydney attendance count is much less than expected, so we expect a bigger loss there. After the Sydney Regional Assembly, CRPI will concentrate on one large convention per year, at the Radisson Twin Towers in Orlando on odd years, and the Town and Country Hotel in San Diego on even years.

CHILD PORNOGRAPHY REDEFINED ... AGAIN

A new law included in the omnibus spending bill extends the definition of child pornography to include images that do not involve children at all, including movies that use adult actors to portray minors. The Child Pornography Prevention Act of 1996 outlaws "any visual depiction, including any photograph, film, video image or picture" that "is, or appears to be, of a minor engaging in sexually explicit conduct." Fair game: computer-generated images and drawings of subjects appearing to be children and photographs of adults pretending to be children. Maximum sentences: 5 to 30 years in prison. Likely area for stepped-up fed prosecutions: the internet.

In a separate development, the U.S. Supreme Court will hear arguments regarding internet "obscenity" in March and make a ruling in July.

LATE WORD FROM LITHUANIA

Dear Friends at CR:

My long-lasting wish is to find friends, no matter what part of the world it would be. At last I found your address in a German gay magazine, so I would be very thankful to you if you could help me to get acquainted with a man not younger than 55 years old.

My name is Josef, I am 36, 70/180cm. I live in Vilnius, the Lithuanian capitol. I'd like to share views and feelings on long-term friendship. Photo of a person who will be interested in contact with me would be most appreciated. Thank you in advance. With best regards,

Joseph V./Vilnius,
LITHUANIA

(Write to Joseph c/o CR)

LOOKING FOR A ROOMMATE FOR ORLANDO?

WITHOUT DELAY, WRITE ON A PIECE OF PAPER YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER. UNDERNEATH THAT, WRITE A MESSAGE WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT CHARGE IN THE NEXT (FEBRUARY) ISSUE. THE MESSAGE SHOULD ONLY STATE:

1. YOUR AGE
2. YOUR LOCATION
3. YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER (OPTIONAL)
3. ONE OF THE TWO:
   A. NON-SMOKER
   B. SMOKER OKAY

(Note: we will not publish additional information such as body size or sexual preference)
MAIL TO CR ASAP.

quetzal

SECOND LOOK

THIS IS YOUR FIRST TIME ON A NUDE GAY BEACH? RELAX!
EVERYBODY HERE LOOKS SO TANNED AND VIGOROUS!
THEY ALL KNOW EACH OTHER... THEY'RE LAUGHING & JOKING & PATTING EACH OTHER'S BACKS...
THERE'S NOT ONE GOOD REASON WHY ANY OF THEM WOULD GIVE ME A SECOND LOOK!
WELL, OKAY. MAYBE ONE REASON.
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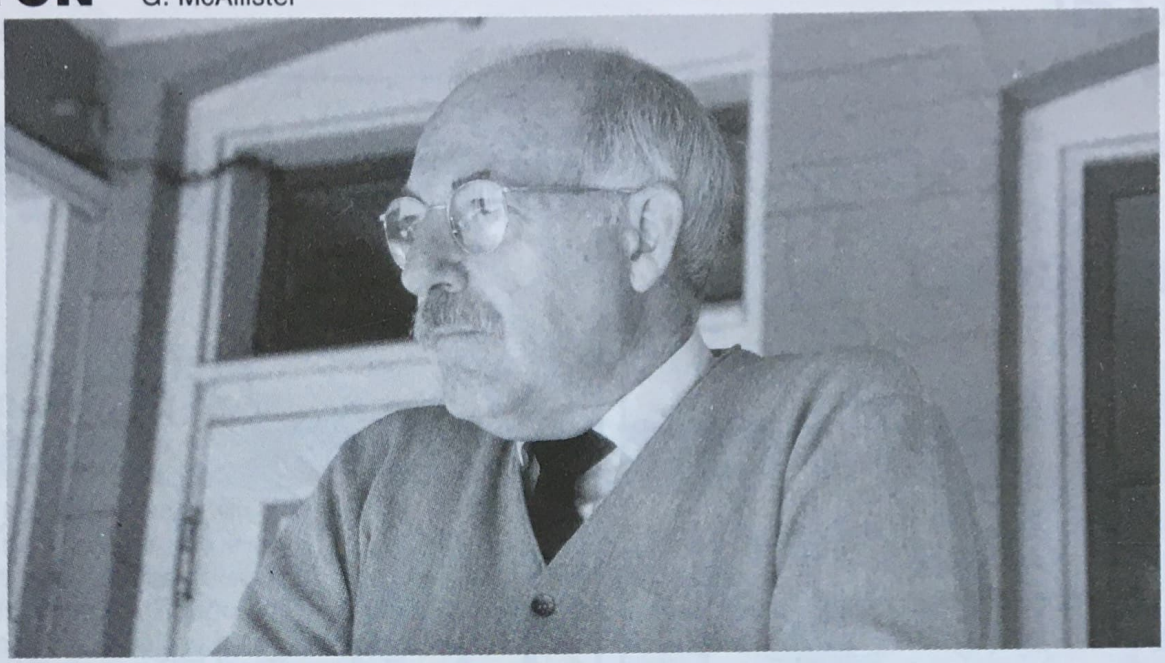
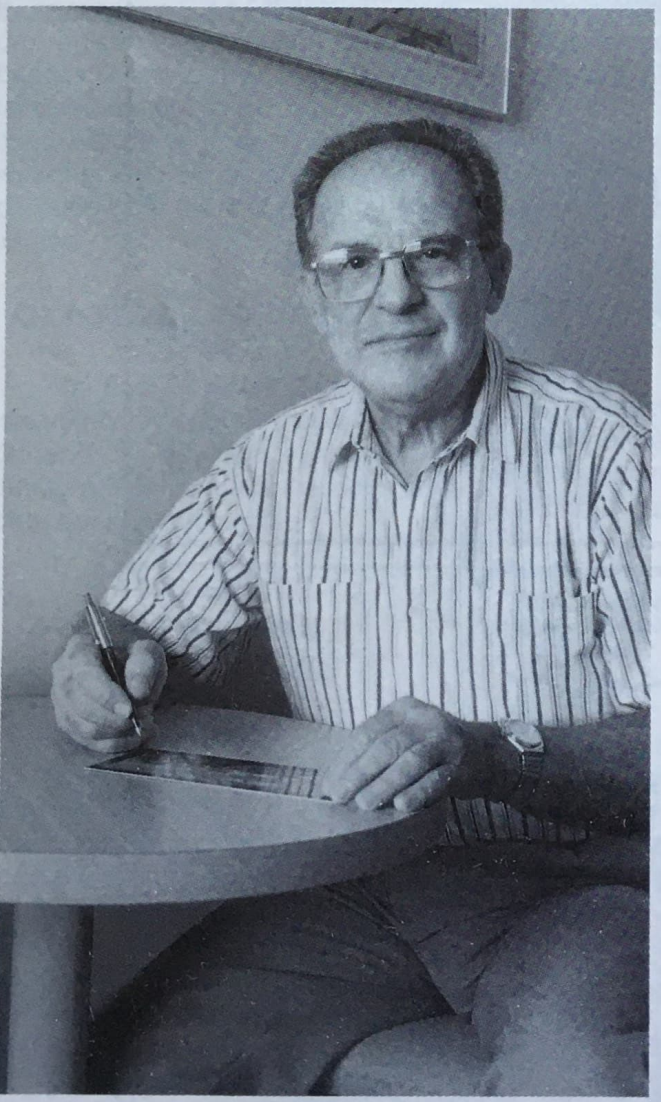
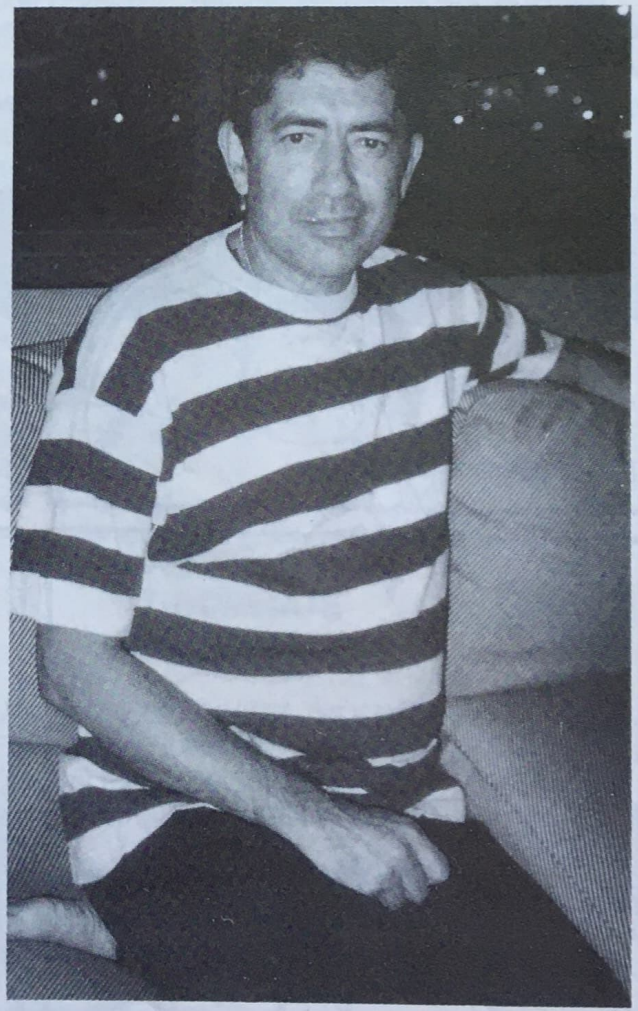
BURTON G. McAllister





TASSIE DEVIL



TURKISH DELIGHT Mike Deveau

ORLANDO GATHERING CASTING CALL

MR. SIMBADADDY '97 CONTESTANTS IF YOU'RE A HOT LOOKING MATURE GUY WHO WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A LOT OF SILLY FUN AND PERHAPS WIN SOME SERIOUS MONEY, THEN ENTER THE CONTEST BY SENDING US A PHOTO. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A CR MODEL AND WANT TO ENTER, SIMPLY SEND US A NOTE ADVISING US THAT YOU'D LIKE TO ENTER. MUST PASS FOR AT LEAST 45 OR 50. FIRST PRIZE: $1,000 IN CASH. SECOND PRIZE: $500.00. THIRD PRIZE: $300.00

VISUAL ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE GATHERING ART EXHIBIT AND DISPLAY A LIMITED NUMBER OF WORKS FOR SALE. EXHIBIT SPACE WILL BE FREE, AND CRPI WILL NOT REQUIRE A FEE OR A CUT. CALL PAT COLLEY FOR MORE INFORMATION AND/OR SEND BROCHURES FROM RECENT EXHIBITS YOU'VE DONE. ADULT ARTWORK ACCEPTABLE.

MUSICAL ARTISTS ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE GATHERING RECITAL SERIES AND PERFORM A FREE RECITAL.. GRAND PIANO AND SOUND SYSTEM WILL BE PROVIDED BY CRPI. MUST ARRANGE FOR OWN ACCOMPANIST. PERFORMANCE REWARD: IF YOU HAVE TAPES OR CDS TO SELL, CRPI WILL SELL FOR YOU WITH NO FEE OR CUT REQUIREMENT. CONTACT PAT COLLEY FOR MORE INFORMATION AND/OR SEND TAPES OF RECENT PERFORMANCES.

VOLUNTEERS ARE NEEDED AS FOLLOWS. INTERESTED PARTIES ARE REQUESTED TO CONTACT US ASAP.

REQUIREMENTS:

--MUST BE A VIP AND PREFERABLY A CR MODEL OR CONTRIBUTOR.

--MUST REGISTER AND PAY FULL FEE.

--MUST BE WILLING TO WORK A TOTAL OF AT LEAST TWO HOURS OVER THE DURATION OF THE CONVENTION AND ACCEPT CR STAFF SUPERVISION.

REWARDS:

--A COMPLIMENTARY ONE-YEAR EXTENSION TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO CR.

--A FREE CR CAP

OPENINGS:

--EVENT HOSTS - Manning entrances to events, greeting delegates, checking for badges.

--REGISTRATION HOSTS - Distribution of badges to delegates.

--RETAILING HOSTS - Counter sales of CR merchandise.

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Woody Baldwin, Founder - (512) 282-2861

Cal Hackler, President - (503) 232-0669, or e-mail:

pltdbear1@aol.com or pti@teleport.com

or write:

Prime Timers
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Portland, OR 97214

ORLANDO WILL-CALL RESERVATIONS

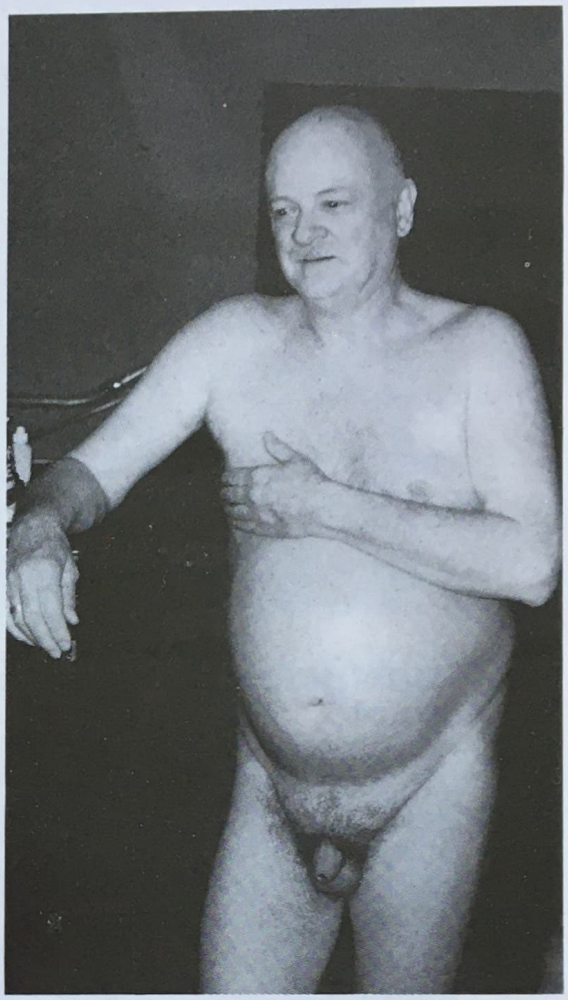
Unable to commit to the Orlando Gathering until after April 30, 1997? Call us to make a will-call reservation ("A" Package only), and we'll have your badge waiting for you. Provide registration/ delegate agreement in advance; pay $200 at door.

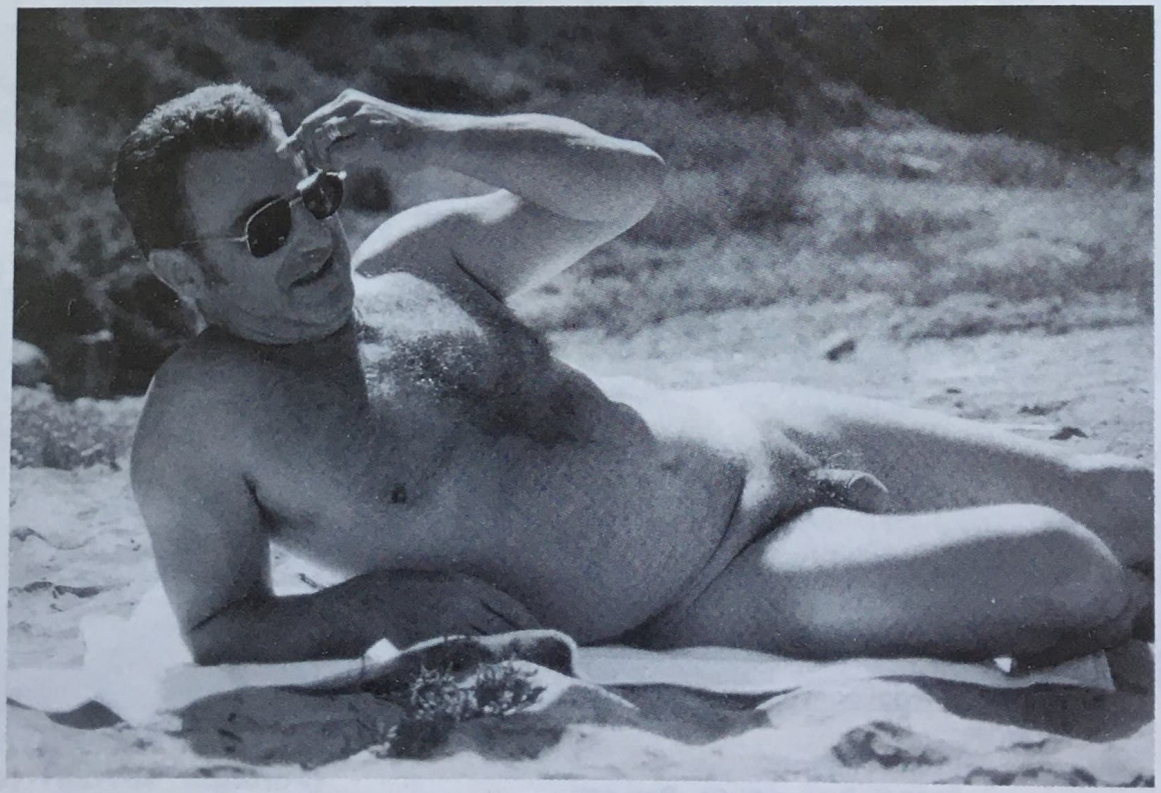
Nothing to lose; everything to gain,

Don't put it off! Call us at (619) 868-6371, then call Radisson Twin Towers at 1-800-327-2110 (Foreign: 407-351-1000)

BENNIE Tomcat

SEAN Tomcat





B.K. Joel

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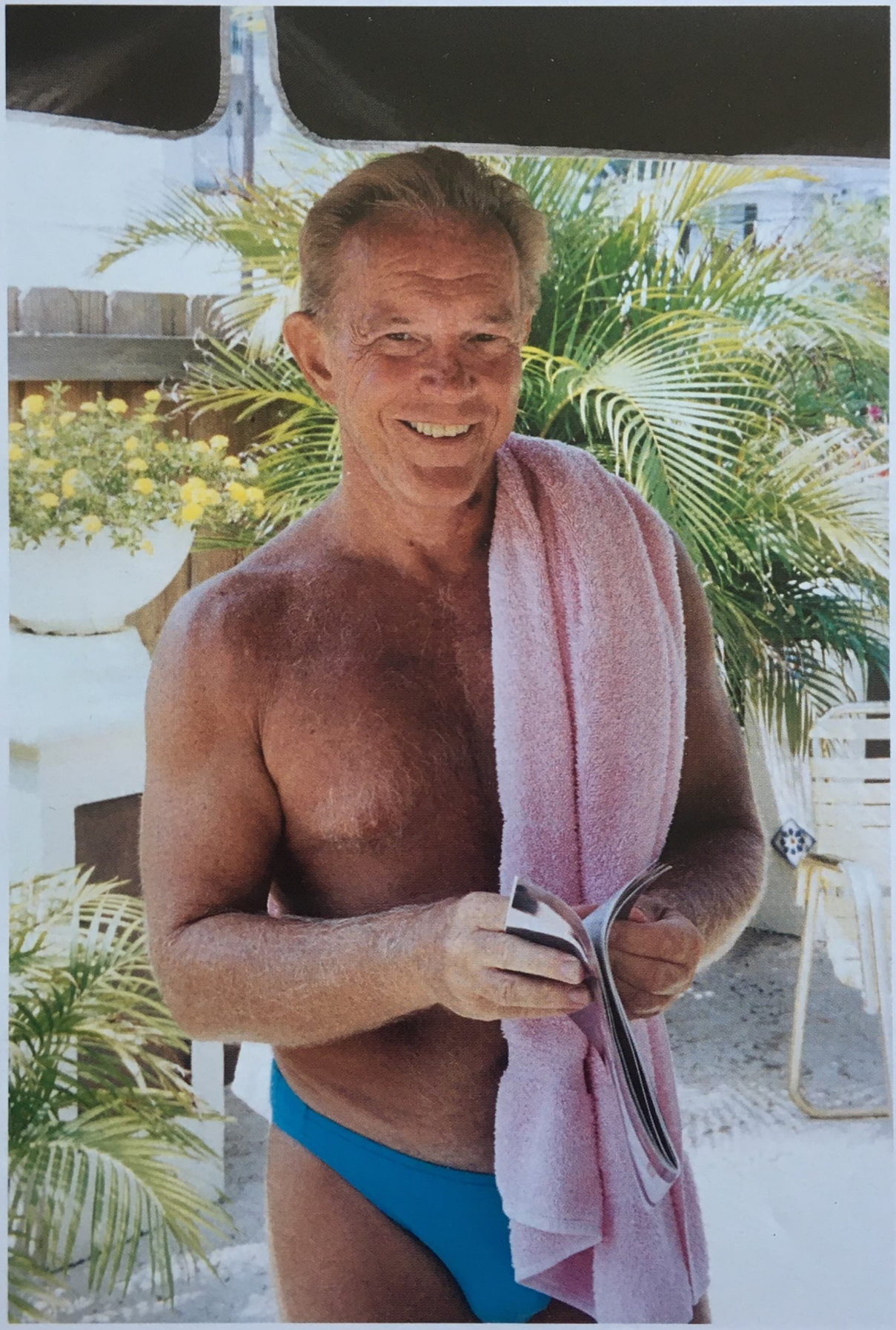
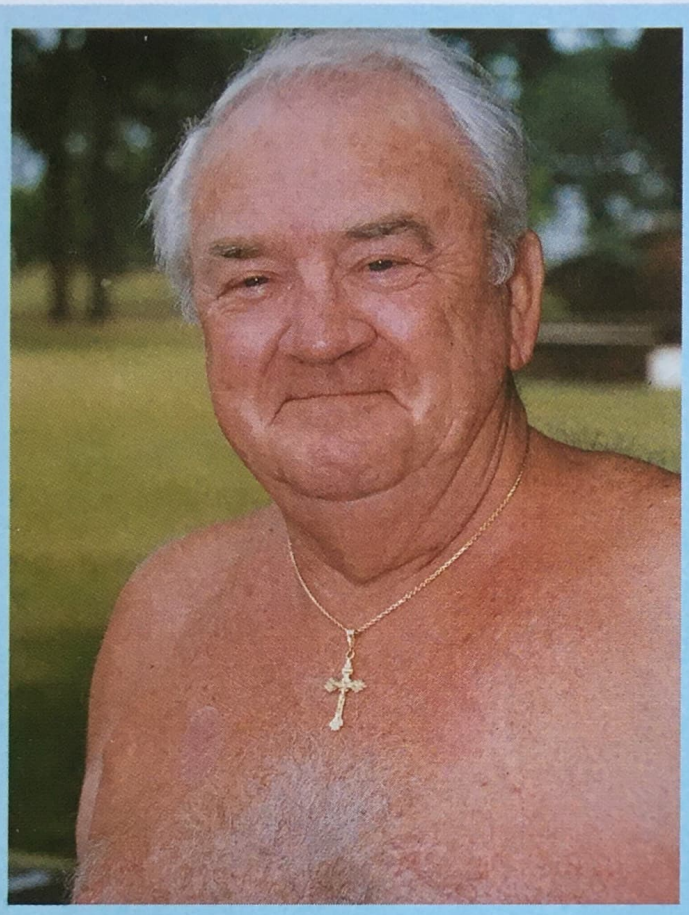
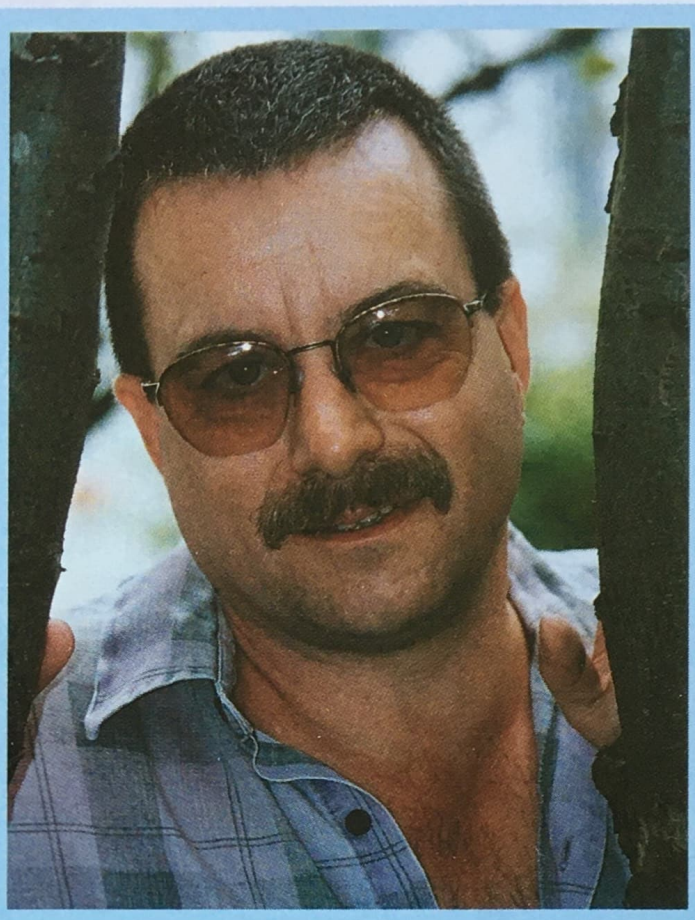
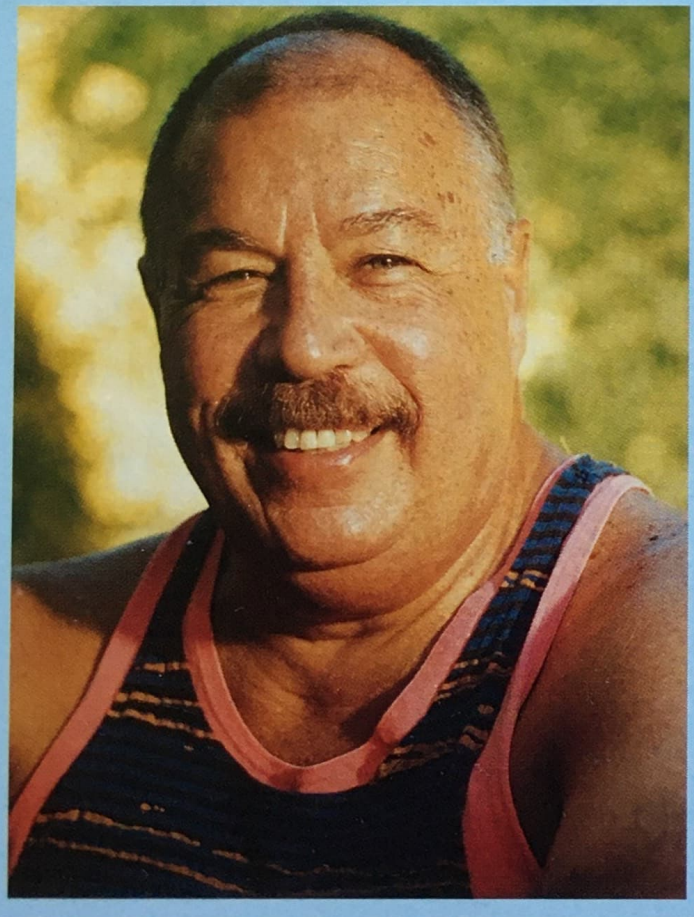


J. DON Photoman



WOLFSHADOW Manny





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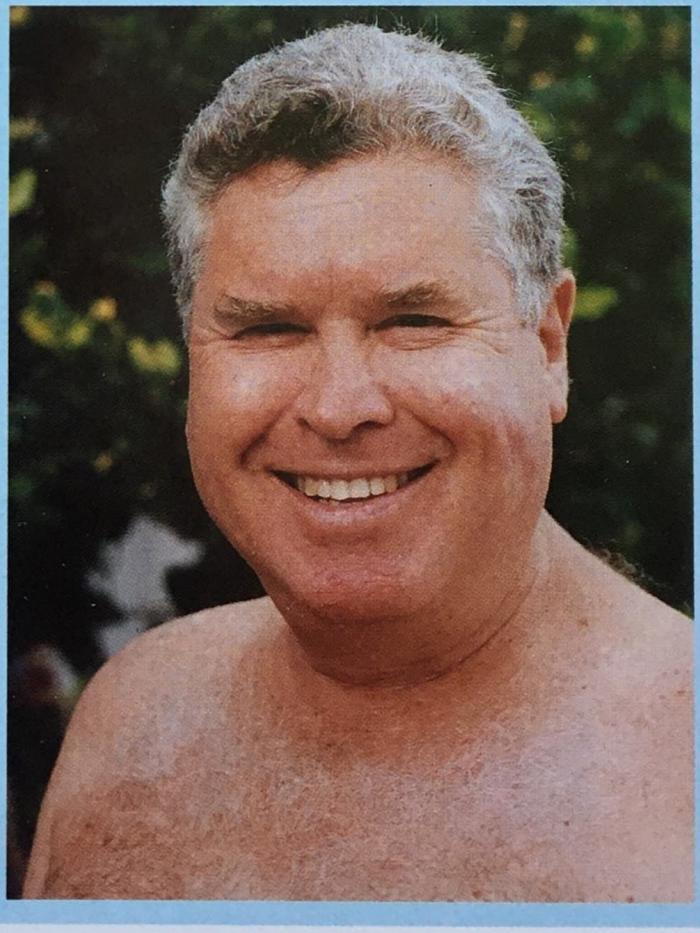

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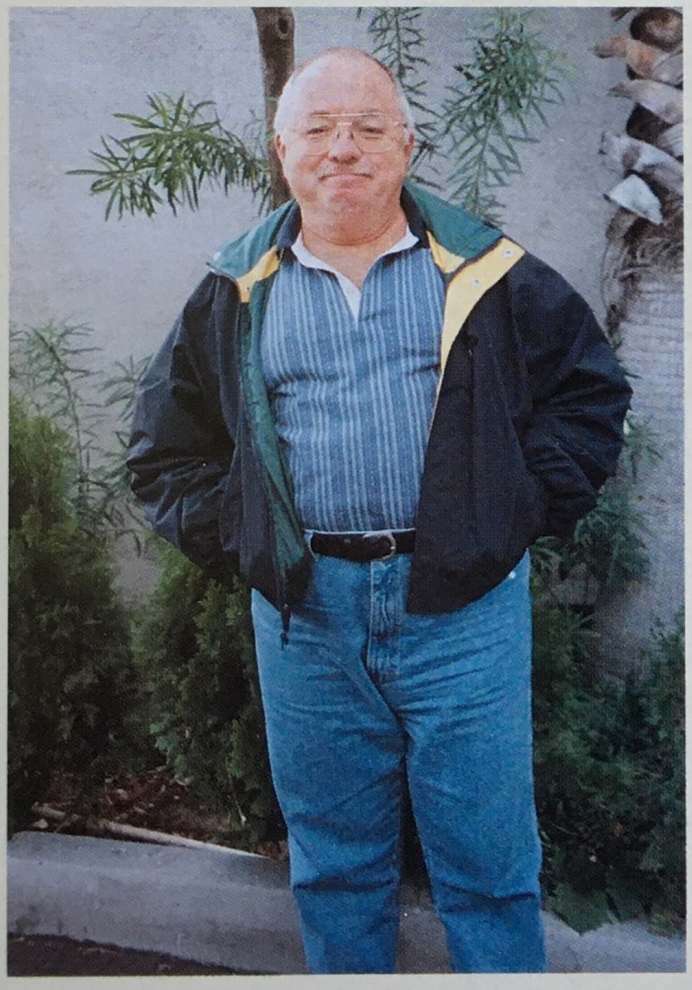
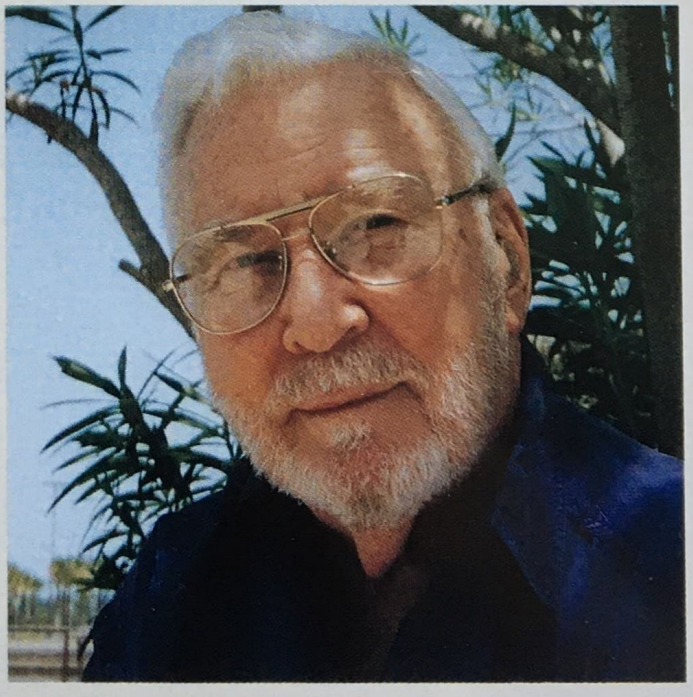


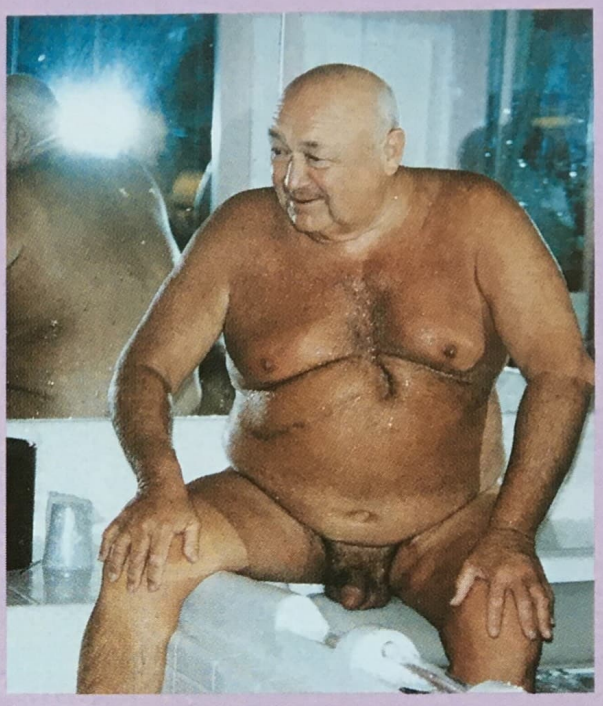


MR. MIKE

RIO

JIM GAFFNEY Photoman

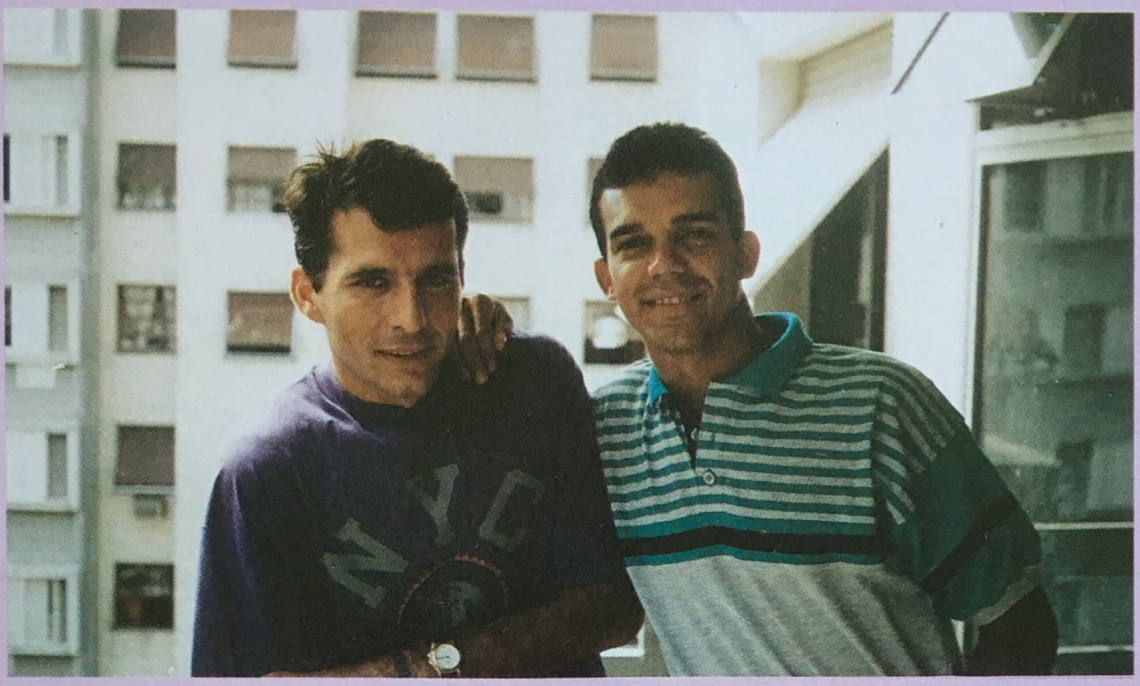
BENNIE Tomcat

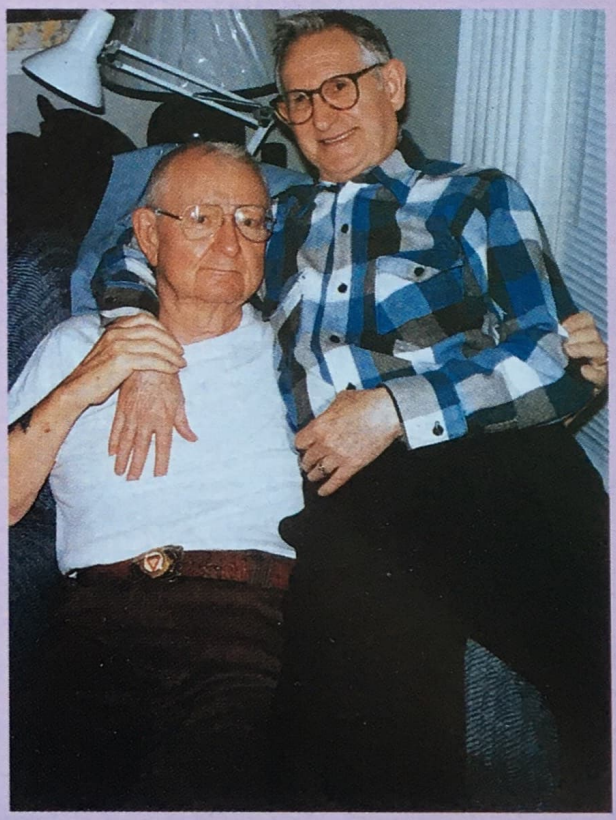


WANDERER Tan Biker

TEX-MEX Photoman

PEGASUS & MARINE John

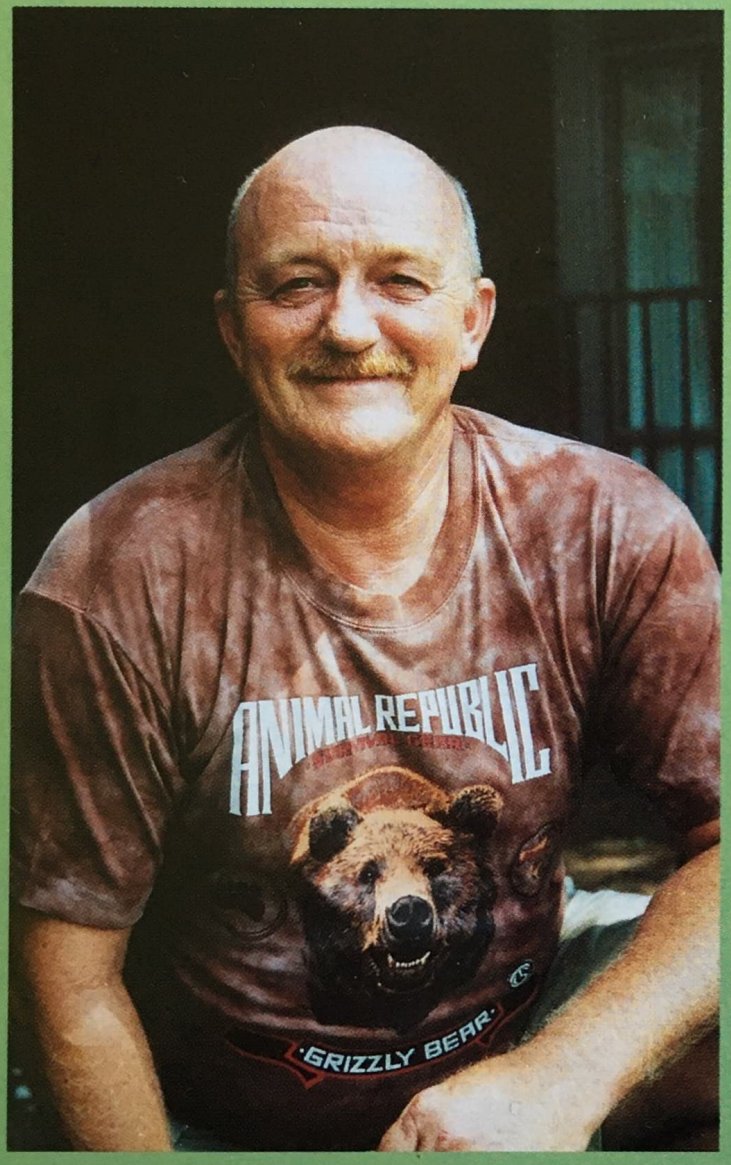


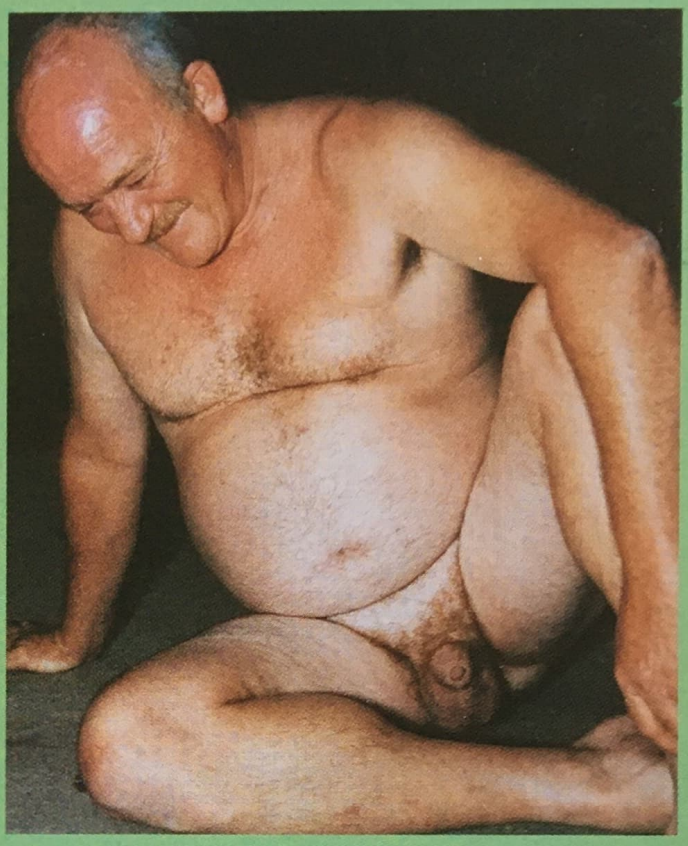


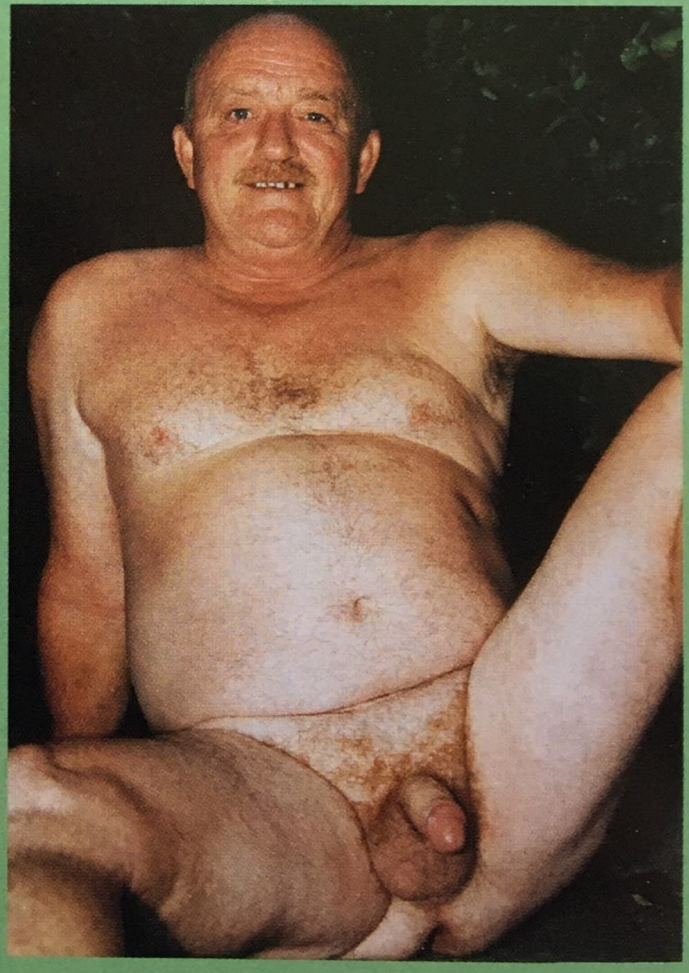
TEXAS BOB & KEN Mike Deveau

OLD SALT & MAC MARTIN

all photos by Joel







BISEXUAL MEN: TWO VIEWS

THE DILEMMA OF BISEXUAL MEN by FLORIDA FRANK

Computer bulletin boards afford an opportunity for online chats with others of similar interests, even though separated by geography. Also, the Internet permits connecting through electronic mail to people who have posted interesting messages in special news groups.

Through these means, I have been able to communicate with numerous other bisexual and bi-curious married men. Only one, a bisexual man married to a bisexual woman, has revealed his interest in men to his wife. Since both had same-sex lovers, neither saw the other as a threat.

In the book, *Love Styles, How to Celebrate Your Differences* (1987), Tina Tessina describes her open, five-year marriage to a bisexual man whom she met at a party given by the Bisexual Center of Southern California. She writes that they have sex together about six or seven times a week, which is plenty for her. In addition, her husband dates other men. She encourages him to do this when she senses that he is getting "uptight." She feels this relaxes him and enhances their own sexual encounters. They have an understanding that she can also date others, but she has done that only three times in four years because it is not a high priority for her. She calls herself "biemotional," rather than bisexual, because she enjoys the company of other women without sex. She and her husband often have sex as a threesome, with another man, and occasionally as a foursome with another couple. They are looking to expand their relationship to include another person full-time.

In discussing the "wall of silence" put up by the other married men using computer services, all said that they thought their wives would be very upset to learn of it. Why?

In the excellent book, *The Anatomy of Love*, Dr. Helen Fisher, an anthropologist, traces patterns of romantic behavior back to primates and finds similarities between their behavior and that of men. The female in all cases is concerned about nesting and security for herself and for the young, and is "wired" to dislike anything or anyone that may interfere with that goal. Unless a woman is bisexual herself, she has a hard time understanding the urge a bisexual man has. Men, generally more polygamous than women due to the carryover of an earlier urge to spread their seed as widely as possible, find it easy to spread their love to include both sexes. As Woody Allen quipped, bisexuality makes it twice as likely you can find a date for Saturday night.

Women's magazines frequently have advice on how to defeat the "other woman," but none has discussed affairs between the husband and another man. A 1992 book, *How to Get Him Back from the Other Woman--if You Still Want Him Back*, is another example. Women obsess about what must be wrong with them to drive their husband to another woman; they have no clue about the source of his interest in other men.

Dr. Fisher concludes that homosexuality is so common in other species that the remarkable thing in human beings is not its occurrence but its rarity. How common is it? Numbers are hard to come by. Kinsey estimated in 1948 that ten percent of the population was homosexual. In *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality,* Shere Hite found when examining 7,000 questionnaires completed by men that four percent said they were bisexual--that is, they enjoyed sex with both genders without preference for either. Another two percent preferred sex with men but also had sex with women. The latter group could include men who married out of family pressure or as desire for conventional "cover" for their sexuality. So there could be six percent of the male population classed as bisexual.

In the computer chats and e-mail, the typical bi-curious man is in his forties, with a few in their thirties and one in his twenties. Many say they had a same-sex encounter in school but not since. Now they are interested in exploring that side of themselves. Because of their concern that their wives may find out about their bi interests, many cannot receive phone calls from men and so confine their exploratory activities to business trips. E-mail works well in setting up contacts because of the password control to access messages. Their wives cannot read their e-mail.

One professional has first chatted with and then arranged, while on business trips, to meet other professional men living in other states. In one case, he arranged for another man, as an "innocent" computer friend, and his wife from several states away to visit him and his wife. He and the other man then went on a three-day "fishing trip" filled with hot sex. The wives did not suspect the real intent.

Shere Hite mentions that her bisexual questionnaire respondents also mentioned several-day camping, fishing or hunting trips as opportunities to open up with other men.

Should a married bisexual man reveal his man-love inclinations to his spouse? The consensus is that he should not. In most cases, where there is no desire to end the marriage, maintaining the status quo dictates that liaisons with other men be conducted with the "utmost discretion" (a term frequently used by men in these discussions). Perhaps the situation will change in the culture as women are encouraged to explore their own sexuality and then to feel comfortable in permitting their mates to do likewise, but that day has not yet arrived.

(NOTE: Unfortunately, we have misplaced the cross reference to FLORIDA FRANK's identity and bio for publication. Hopefully, he will read this and bail us out)

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF A MARRIED, BISEXUAL MALE

by RICHARD MULLINS

"How can you be a happily married man and still desire sex with other men?" I have been asked that question many times in the past 20-plus years. It's not an easy question to answer. It's as difficult to answer as, "What makes you think you are gay?" How many of you have been asked that question?

Well, I have been happily married for more than 30 years and have maintained sexual contact with other men for most of that time. It's a very difficult lifestyle, but it does have its rewards.

Growing up in the Midwest in the 1950s, I was raised to believe in the following: get an education, get a good job, get married and have a family.

I had my first sexual experience with a woman at the age of 15. She was an older (early 50s) married woman and taught me very well how to please a woman sexually. At age 17, I had my first sexual experience with a man. He too was older (early 30s) and married. He taught me the joys of male/male sex. But after that first time, I had such strong guilt feelings over doing something I had been taught to believe was both "dirty" and "evil" that I stayed away from sex with other men until after I had been married for several years.

I married at age 20 and was a father at 21. Sex with my wife was good but not spectacular. Maybe that was partly my fault, I don't know. But the twice-a-month sex was all I got: it was all she needed and wanted. I needed more. During the same time, I began having fantasies of what it would be like to have a "repeat performance" of the fantastic sex I'd had with the guy when I was 17.

At age 26 and father of four, I met another married man who also enjoyed male/male sex, and we became lovers. Our affair lasted for almost 20 years, and only ended when it did because the company where we worked together closed. We went out separate ways, eventually losing contact.

If it's difficult for a gay man to find someone he loves and wants to be with; it's doubly difficult when there's a wife and family to think about and to protect from scandal. Like most married, bi men, I do love my wife and, despite my desires for men, I don't want to hurt her.

True, there are some happily married couples where the man is 100% gay and his wife knows and approves. There are other couples who are both bisexual and have a very open relationship. But it's been my experience that the vast majority of married, bisexual men have heterosexual wives who have lost interest in sex to a greater of lesser degree, and they must keep their male sexual desires a secret.

When a man is in this last situation, as I am, where does he go to find answers to the problems that are confronting him? Until about a year ago, I knew of no place where a married man could go to get answers to questions of this kind and to meet other, like-minded men. It can be a very lonely life desiring male sexual contact with no way to discreetly let other men know you are interested, while keeping your desires secret from your wife and family.

It was this situation that caused two of my married, bi male friends and me to start a support group for the married bi and bi-curious man who has nowhere else to turn for answers to the problems confronting him. It's called The Anther Society.

No, living the life of a married, bisexual male is not easy. But when you connect with the right man, the rewards can be fantastic!

RICHARD MULLINS is 56, 5'-11", 250#, and is married. He's fathered four and now has seven grandchildren. He's retired and runs a small word processing business out of his home in Maryland.

THE ANTHER SOCIETY is a support organization for bisexual and bi-curious married men. It publishes The Anther News, a newsletter which publishes news, personal ads (with e-mail addresses), fiction and articles of interest to married bi and bi-curious men. Contact them at P. O. Box 3543, Silver Spring, MD 20918-3543. E-mail: RichM209@aol.com

The Artwork of James L. Hawkins

Life Drawings of the nude male model made during the past thirty plus years.

SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

JAMES L. HAWKINS
Post Office Box 64250 Los Angeles, CA 90064
Fax 310-474-9645

HOW?

ALL YOUR PRESSING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE

WHAT PRODUCTS AND SERVICES DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINE:

Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)- a mildly erotic relationship and contact-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

BOOK:

Quincunx ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

APPAREL:

Caps and T-shirts

EVENTS:

We sponsor a Gathering of around 2,000 mature men and admirers every spring (Orlando on odd years; San Diego on even years).

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND DISTRIBUTE?

We publish and distribute each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the fifteenth and last of those months. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the first week of the odd months.

HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT?

New subscriptions will be processed and first copies mailed within two (2) to four (4) weeks after receipt of order.

Back issues and other merchandise will be shipped within two (2) to five (5) weeks.

Non-urgent correspondence and photo submittals will be answered within two (2) two to five (5) weeks. Always allow at least a week to ten (10) days for transit time.

If you want us to acknowledge receipt of something, you MUST include a self-addressed, stamped card. Tip: Our worst backlogs occur during the two weeks prior to the release of an issue.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

Suppose the code on your address label says: 12/96 V (4.25). The date (12/96) indicates the even month and year when your last issue will arrive. The "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. The "4.25" means that you have a $4.25 credit due. Credit will be applied to your subscription if you do not use it against a purchase by the last issue of your subscription. Disregard any other notations.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to track and chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**. Get it?

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

Follow special instructions (WAS THAT YOU IN CR?) herein.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS & WRITERS

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

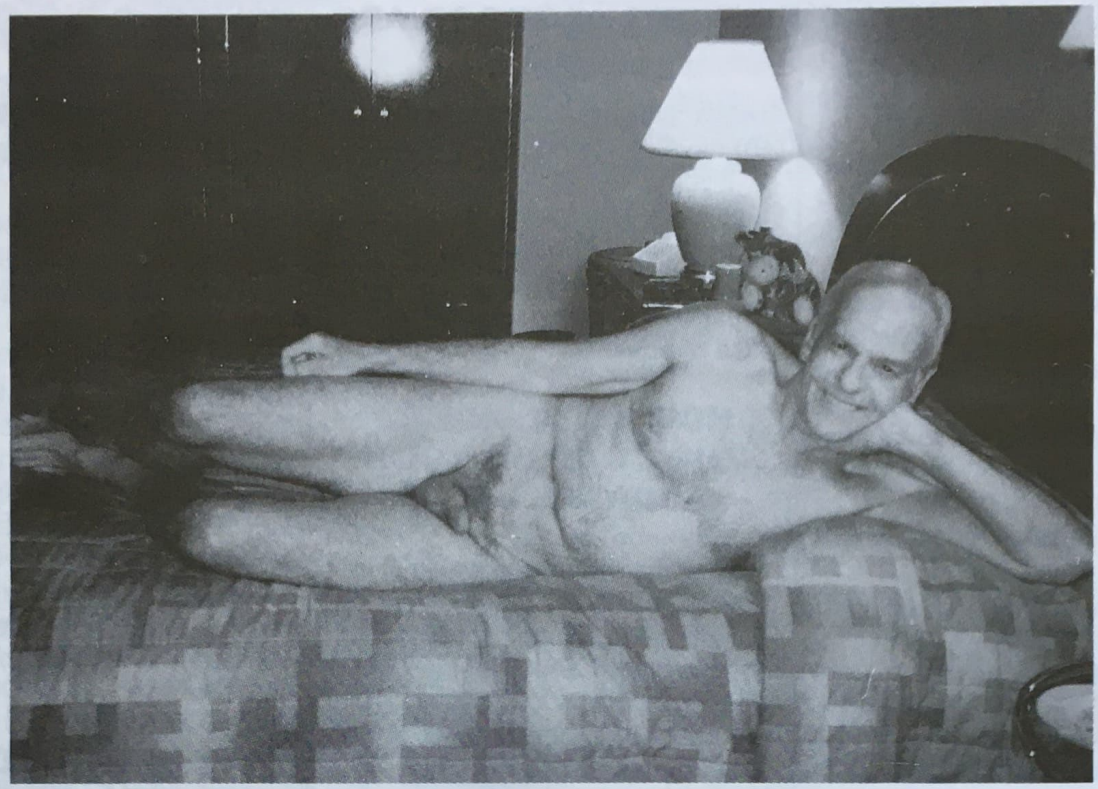
WHAT ABOUT RETURNED CHECKS?

If you overdraw by accident and contact us immediately, we will only charge you the $4 service fee our bank charges us. If, however, we have to take the time to contact you and resolve the matter, you may be billed a service charge of $25.00.

HOW MUCH FEEDBACK DO WE WANT FROM OUR READERS?

We welcome your comments and suggestions because we depend upon constructive criticism to help us grow. If you have a complaint, we want to hear about that too, because we want to make things right with our customers. Insulting, abusive, harassing or threatening communication will not be tolerated, however. We reserve the right to refuse the sale of products and services to anyone.

❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄



ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA

SUFFER IN SILENCE NO LONGER

If you need bereavement support, the Order can help you if you get in touch with us. You do not have to be a subscriber or customer of CRPI, nor do you have to be a member of the Order of the Silver Simba. The simple act of asking for help entitles you to membership. We cannot refer you to a professional counselor or clergyman, but we will put you in touch with other men in your area who have suffered the same as you and survived. It is our sincere belief that benevolent contact with those who have walked in your shoes can provide a valid and effective alternative or supplement to professional therapies.

If you wish to donate spiritual support for a brother suffering through grief, send your name, address, telephone number, and a statement that you would like to offer your time and compassion to a grieving brother in your area. Also state if you:

a) have lost a mate,

b) are losing a mate,

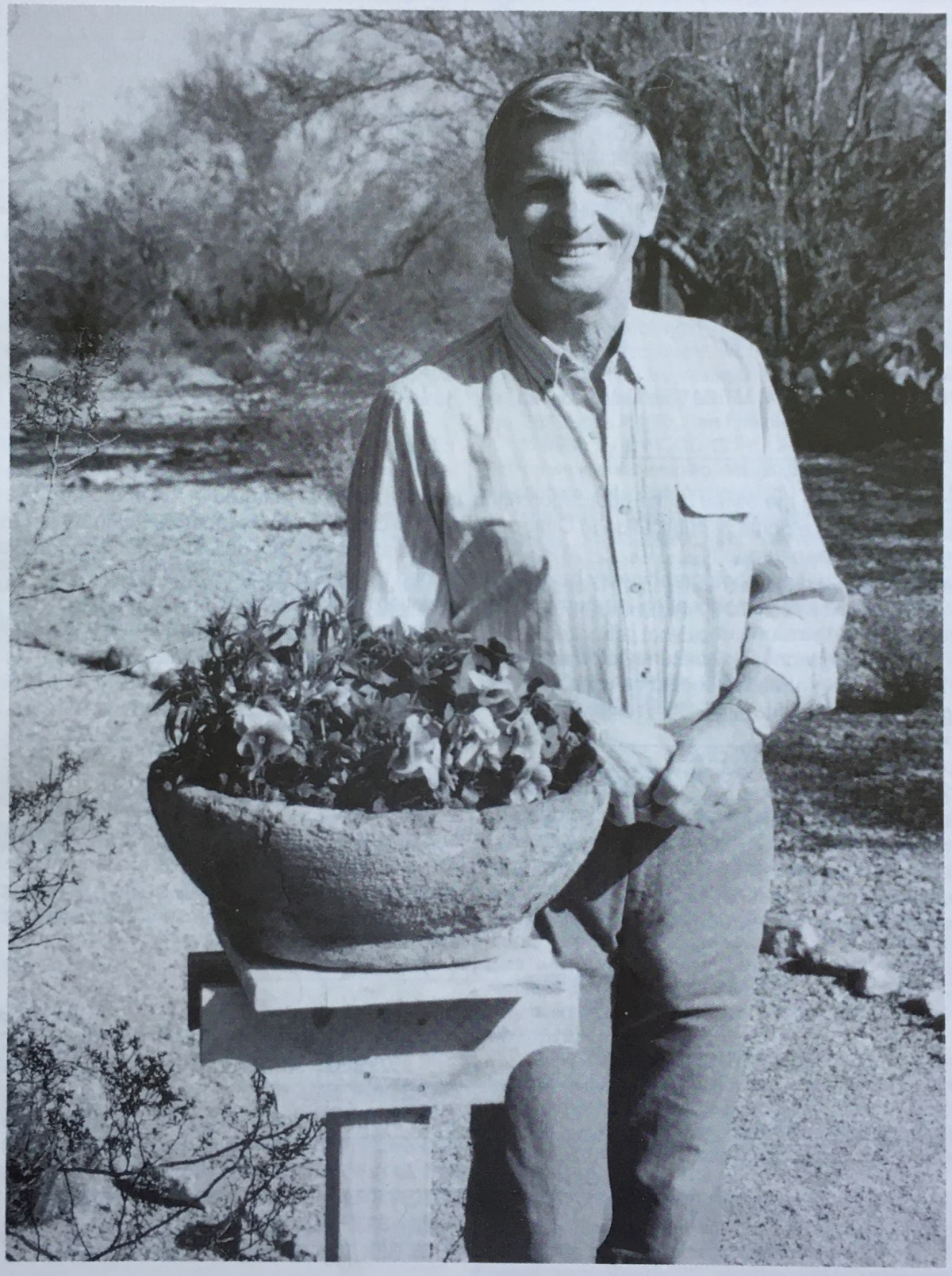
c) are just a compassionate soul wanting to help.

Your identity will never be divulged, either by list or referral. You will be contacted only by CR if your help is needed, and you will be supplied a contact.

Write: CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 9239, or call (619) 868-6371.

E-mail: crpi@aol.com

JED



WAS THAT YOU IN CR?

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, get some professional portraits. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious or simulated penetration or masturbation, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing too far away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you and make your pupils appear red). If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash). Photos could become lost or damaged, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

THE FOLLOWING FORM IS REQUIRED IN ORDER TO HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH(S) FEATURED IN CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE. WRITE YOUR NAME ON THE BACK OF EACH SUBMITTED PHOTOGRAPH.

TO: MACRO PHOTOGRAPHY
P.O. BOX 70381
WEST VALLEY CITY, UT 84170-0381

FROM: _____

This is to certify that I am the owner of the publication rights to and the model featured in the photography enclosed herein. I assign one-time rights of publication to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. I further certify that I am at least 18 years of age, having been born on _____, 19 ___. It is understood that all publication rights revert back to me upon publication and that my photography may have to be cropped to suit the needs of publisher.

I hereby waive any compensation in return for the publication rights to subject photography.

I request that the name of _____ be published as the name of the model, in lieu of my real name. The photographer's name should be designated as _____.

The following information should be used in any biographical sketch accompanying my photography:

Age:_____; Height: _____; Weight: _____; Area of Residence: _____

Likes: _____

Looking for: _____

I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on the front cover of CR.

I am currently involved in no _____/ an open _____/ a closed _____ personal relationship.

I certify that I have not signed a release with any other magazine for publication of subject photography within the past year. I further certify that I will not authorize publication of subject photography in any other magazine until same is published in CR. I promise to answer all letters forwarded to me as a result of my photo's publication and fully understand that my photography will be published as space is available and that no timetable is implied or promised.

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State (Province)/Zip (Code) _____

Country: _____

Date: _____

Telephone number: _____

NOTE: SUBMIT PHOTOGRAPHY AND THIS RELEASE FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED TO MACRO PHOTOGRAPHY, AS NOTED ABOVE

THE CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTICE - WE WILL <u>NOT</u>:

1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.

2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO COULD BE PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER*, NOT *PER ENVELOPE.*

3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE.

<u>ARIZONA</u>

(4/97) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, looking for someone 30-60 for friendship and possible LTR, if compatible. Light drinker and smoker okay. No drugs. Looks and body not important, but heart and soul are. I am a student who is training to become travel agent. Love to travel. Just learning computers. Enjoy most forms of safe sex. Your photo gets mine: **BAREKAT**

<u>CALIFORNIA-NORTH</u>

(6/97) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Healthy, active, professional GWM, 68, 5'-10", 185#, romantic and horny, looking for passion and affection with another average-built, mature male. Write: Bill Jones, 324 Larkin St., San Francisco, CA 94102, or call (415) 431-0644.

(4/97) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Asian, mid-40s, 5'-6", slim, goodlooking, HIV negative, nonsmoker/drinker, easy going, caring, affectionate, wish to meet an older GWM for possible relationship. My interests include quiet times, music, movies, travel. Please drop a line. Photo appreciated and returned. Jim, 537 Jones #2450, San Francisco, CA 94102.

(12/96) REDWOOD CITY: 31, 5'-10", 165#. Like ocean, country walk, quiet evening, not into drugs. Don't drink, very clean, affectionate, little dark complexion. Seeking older man, 60 and up, for affection, passion and love. Smooth a plus. For friendship and more. Photo appreciated. Will return all. Write: **OCEAN**

(12/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, professional, HIV negative couple in our 60s, seek to add third party to loving, nonsmoking, drug-free household. Interested party should be looking for a serious lifetime relationship. Your photo, address and phone number will get a prompt reply. Write: Baer-Bach, 2667 Cropley Ave., Suite 181, San Jose, CA 95132, or E-mail to: CEBORG@aol.com

<u>CALIFORNIA-SOUTH</u>

(2/97) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 63, 5'-11", 250#+, NS, ND, HIV negative, passionate (oral A/P), nurturing, good sense of humor, retired, financially secure. Seeking masculine guy under 40 for friendship and fun. LTR possible. Any race, body type welcome. Write with photo to: George Green, Box 1312, Canyon Country, CA 91386-1312.

(2/97) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happy and horny, very masculine and versatile GWM seeks assertive man. Size, age, belly, potency not important. You are masculine, HIV negative and you hug passionately. I'm 64, 5'-10", 215#, hairy, very talented and enthusiastic. Write: Paul, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(2/97) TUSTIN/NATIONWIDE: WM, 53, 6 ft., 188#. In-shape, healthy, nonsmoker, non-drinker, loves life and outdoors. Passionate, possessive and demanding in bed. Available now, but used to long-term relationship. Seeking to bond with slim, monogamous man who would enjoy aggressive handling. Write: **BIG HANDS**

(2/97) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Feisty, fuzzy, 55 GWM, sincerely searching for the guy with a positive attitude towards friendship, bonding, and a healthy home life. I'm 5'-10", 190#, above average looks, HIV negative, and secure in who I am. Seeking someone 35-49 and "together" enough to be ready for reality and willing to relocate. Please respond with photo to: DS in PS, P.O. Box 5236, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

(6/97) ORANGE-L.A. COUNTIES/ NATIONWIDE: Loving, gay male any age, 50+, gray with beard and mustache, HIV negative, who wants to service a caring gay couple, 66 and 37, possible live-in. Must like to play subservient (not S&M, not a servant) and who enjoys being both top and bottom in every way. Big plus if you are hearing-impaired, or want to learn signing and truly get off on obedience to Dad/loving to Son. Total dedication to the "family" is required should we find the three of us are compatible and desire to live together. Want to find out? Photo will get photo. Write: **TUFLUV DAD/SONLUV DAD**

(12/96) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 55, 5'-8", 160#, auburn with white in front. Seeks 35-65. Interests are: arts, architecture, history, horticulture, politics, music, sports, traveling, yachting, good movies, and my two children. Good looking, well-endowed and romantic. I've taken care of lovers; now I want to be taken care of. Write: **TEXAS**

(2/97) PALM SPRINGS/NATION/ WORLD: GWM, 67, 5'-10", 165#, 7"u, HIV negative, single, NS/ND, versatile, warm, affectionate, loving, bald, classical music lover, traveler, nudist, seeks LTR. Write with photo to Ken, 65 Corona Drive, Palm Springs, CA 92264-6407.

(12/96) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: Impressive British senior, 5'-8", 165#, green/silver, well-educated and traveled, cosmopolitan, nonsmoker/drugs, assertive, great sense of homor, many hobbies, spiritual, HIV negative. Seek friend, 30 to 50, professionally and personally secure for dating, hopefully leading toward relationship. Aware of 12-step program a plus. Willing to relocate for love. Would you? Picture/phone. Kenneth Morris, 73625 Catalina Way #19, Palm Desert, CA 92260.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(2/97) WASHINGTON, D.C./NATIONWIDE: GBM, 42, 6'-1", 205#, moustache, loves cuddly safe play and feet/footwear. Seeks 30-70 for friendships/intimate times. Enjoy books, movies, theater, travel. Race/ physique unimportant. Write: E.S., P.O. Box 25012, Washington, DC 20007-8012.

FLORIDA

(12/96) MARCO: GWM, 62, 6'-4", 200#, masculine, hairy, retired, HIV negative, seeks 60-70 for a long-term relationship. Must like travel, beach, theater, fun in bed. Write: **DOVE**

(12/96) SARASOTA/NATIONAL: I have put this ad in CR before and have met some wonderful people, but not the right one. Perhaps you are he if you are a young GWM and wish for companionship from an older man, 63. You will receive from this relationship honesty, faithfulness, sincerity and unconditional love. I hope to receive the same from you. I would love to do in life what you wish to do, either socialize or remain home; but most important of all, I would love to be with you and support you with your future vocational plans as I know you would if I were in your place. Write soon and send your picture. **ALPHA**

(8/97) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 5'-8", 142#, chest 39", waist 32", bottom, trim, smooth swimmer's body, entirely cleanshaven head to toe, dancer, singer, educated, affectionate, hot, seeks control and discipline from a TOP willing to relocate. HIV negative. Write: Pierre Monet, P.O. Box 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468.

(2/97) FT. LAUDERDALE/NATIONWIDE: Silver fox, 66, 5'-10", 200#, white moustache and sides, monogamous, honest, loving, caring, sincere, great sense of humor, seeking young (age 19 to 39), slender lifemate. Photo appreciated. Write Don, P.O. Box 11313, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33339.

(4/97) CENTRAL FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Couple, 71/75, OPEN relationship. Seeking singles/couples, 25+ for sex/ friendship our home. Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32158 or (352) 753-2857 or JBitt58799@aol.com

(12/96) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Tall, nice looking, brown/ grey hair, 58, GWM, looking to meet 60+ GWM for LTR. Very clean, HIV negative, staying that way, weight proportionate to height. Play tennis (3.0), enjoy theater, fine food and wine, nonsmoking/non-drinking. Contact: Howard, (941) 954-9020; E-mail: SRQLetDoIt@aol.com or write: P.O. Box 19951, Sarasota, FL 34276-2951.

(12/96) WANTED: HAIRIEST CHEST IN SOUTH FLORIDA: You: are a top with an extremely hairy chest, 55-70, husky, conservative, handsome, intelligent, masculine, monogamy-minded, with no beard/ stache. Me: GWM, early 30s, very handsome, HIV negative, clean-cut, in excellent shape, disiring relationship. Your photo gets a prompt reply. Discretion assured. Write: Robert McKay, P.O. Box 1565, Pompano Beach, FL 33061, or call (954) 525-6671. Weeknights till 11:00 pm or leave message. No phone J/O. All messages returned.

GEORGIA

(2/97) ATLANTA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 6'-3", 205#, retired university professor, CR model, bald, S/P 'stache, hairy body, firm bubble-butt, single, seeks GWM, 30-50, emotionally secure, no s/d, fun-loving, masculine, in-shape guy for companionship and possible relationship. Write: Dixie Dick, 1791 Slopewood Bend, Marietta, GA 30062. Phone (770) 977-8270. Fax: (770) 977-8233.

ILLINOIS

(12/96) ILLINOIS: Mid-50s, WM, 5'-6", 170#, seeks similar for companionship, conversation and commingling. Interests are mostly agrarian. Would also like to find someone who is free to travel to a few good trout streams. Western Chicago suburbs to north/central Illinois. Write: **PALMER**

(2/97) DECATUR/CENTRAL ILLINOIS: Two GWM, 31-52, looking for other GWM, 35-65, who enjoy a good book, movie talks, cooking and other various interests. Smoke and drink okay. Not into drugs. Write us. **SAMS**

(12/96) ST. LOUIS/ILLINOIS/NATIONWIDE: GM, 30, 5'-11", 210#, blond/ hazel, hairy, white/Amerindian, Catholic, blue-collar/military brat, employed, healthy, inexperienced. Interests: WWII, paranormal, museums/historic places. Seeks: 30-90, HAIRY, height/weight unimportant, employed/SSI, for relationship/pen-pal. Pluses: balding, Arabic/Mediterranean Ethnic. Wheelchair, married okay. Write: Rob, P.O. Box 315, Granite City, IL 62040.

INDIANA

(12/96) INDIANA: GWM, middle 40s, 6'-2", 220#, nice looking, athletic appearance. Like athletic events, cars and music. Looking for older white men, 60s to 90s. Prefer average to slender build. White hair and uncut a plus. Your picture gets mine. D.S., 1725 S. Clark, Muncie, IN 47302.

KENTUCKY

(2/97) LOUISVILLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 31, 5'-9", 144#, brown hair, blue eyes, semi-hairy, 6-1/4" cut, enjoys flowers, trees, hiking, 4WD, fleamarkets. Naturist, naturalist, sun king. Seeks WM, 50+, couples, married, clergy welcome. Please, no extremely heavy, masculine only. Write: M. Lawson, P.O. Box 324, Shepherdsville, KY 40165, or call (502) 543-8598. VERY DISCREET.

MAINE

(4/97) PORTLAND/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 37, 5'-9", 175#, blue/brown, clean-cut, attractive, masculine, warm, seeks older, 45+, masculine, not heavy, prefer hairy, for friendship and more. I have varied interests. Photo and phone will get prompt reply. Write: R.W., P.O. Box 1244, Westbrook, ME 04098.

MICHIGAN

(2/97) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 49, slender, nonsmoker, honest, down-to-earth, creative, sense of humor, playful, romantic. Sexual history: safe. Like classical music, theater, hiking, biking, camping, canoeing, fun wrestling, mutual J/O. Seek slender, younger guy for friendship, monogamous relationship. D.H., Box 5011, N. Muskegon, MI 49445.

MISSISSIPPI

(12/96) COME LIVE WITH ME while waiting for Social Security. Pay only for food. Me: 69, 5'-9", 162#, brown crewcut, blue eyes, uncut. You: 45-62, 160-240, uncut, cuddler, better than average looks. Photo and phone exchange. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(4/97) ST. LOUIS: 51 year old submissive white male, clean, HIV negative, and expect same, seeking dominant male, any race, 70+ for oral pleasures. Revealing photo and phone appreciated. T.P., P.O. Box 410118, St. Louis, MO 63141.

(2/97) ST. LOUIS: Two nudists, 52 & 62, very sincere, down-to-earth fellows, country types (we raise, can and freeze all our own organic produce). We're clean and healthy, looking for sincere guy or couple for friendship. Prefer nonsexual but for real friends. Very much into gardening, flowers, vegetables, tropical plants. Would love to share ideas in gardening and flowers with sincere friends. Please write, visit, come and enjoy home-cooked food and very honest and sincere fellowship. Write: **COUNTRY GUYS**

NEVADA

(12/96) RENO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60ish, seeks friends/penpals. Likes offbeat travel, old films, architecture, cats. Rick: (702) 329-2474.

NEW JERSEY

(2/97) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 67, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(4/97) NEW JERSEY/EAST COAST: GWM, 69, 5'-8", 170#, fair, blue eyes, retired PhD. in excellent health, seeks 30-50, active black topman. Moustache, hairy a plus. I enjoy traveling, nude sunbathing, cooking, gardening, have hideway near sea. Your photo (will return) with telephone number gets prompt reply. Write; Richard George, 79 Laurel Drive., Highlands, NJ 07732.

NEW MEXICO

(12/96) NEW MEXICO/NATIONWIDE: Amorous, bodacious, caring, diverse, earthy, friendly, gay, huggable, imaginative, joyful, kissable, loving, mischievous, naughty, open, passionate, questing, reflective, shy, tangible, unbowed, vital, willing, xenophile, yearning, zealot. Looking for loving live-in lover, age 35 to 65, unafraid of honesty, intimacy, and sex, any color or race, looking to grow in a loving, long-term relationship. I am 69, 6 ft., dark blond/blue, glasses, 220#, HIV negative, clean and sober, energetic, and as described above. My interests are varied. I read, watch some TV and like: movies, music, dining and games with friends both at home and out, affection, and a lazy Sunday breakfast with the man in my life. I do smoke (cigarettes, that is), but I hope with someone's hand to hold, I would give up holding a cigarette. I have just retired from a wide variety of careers that went from bartending, theater/interior design, to substance abuse counseling. I have love, humor, honesty, truth, and commitment to give as a dowry. What about you? Please reply with phone # to Frank, Box 8201, Albuquerque, NM 87198.

NEW YORK

(4/97) NATIONWIDE - OVER 65? Masculine GWM, 45, tall, trim, hairy, warm, caring, romantic, loyal, non-promiscuous, nonsmoker, health-conscious, crazy about older men, seeks unattached, affectionate and dignified gentleman over 65 for passionate, monogamous relationship of a lifetime. Let me service you, love you, worship you. Let us enter our own new world. You and me together. Any area. Please send detailed letter and photo. Steve Collingwood, Box 246, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(12/96) MID-HUDSON VALLEY NY/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 45, 5'-7", 175#, brown/hazel, moustache, strong stocky build, licensed massage therapist, natural bottom seeking men 50+ for new friendships and more. Relocation possible for LTR. Enjoy massage, golf, nude sunbathing and auctions. Willing to travel (limited) and host visitors to Catskill Mt. NY area. Write Wolfshadow, P.O. Box 295, Bearsville, NY 12409.

(4/97) GARDEN CITY/NEW YORK: Blond, blue, 42, 197#, well built, 6 ft., sportsman type, professional, into tenderness, seeks 60+, mature RAM type, bulky, masculine, manly. Inquire: G.C., 734 Franklin Ave., Suite 601, Garden City, NY 11530. (Note: Address corrected from last issue. Try again if you wrote and letter came back.)

(12/96) NEW YORK CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-11", 155#. This isn't the typical ad. Don't want to even suggest that I'm perfect, because I'm not, and you don't have to be either. Only be a younger, attractive, trim, masculine GWM, who is warm, sincere, honest and caring. (It's beginning to sound like a typical ad.) Must be HIV negative, drug-free, only an occasional drinker, and sincerely interested in a beautiful monogamous relationship. Let's find out all about each other through letters and photos. We may be pleased at what we discover. You may find my background as a performer interesting. Speaking of performing, I still can!! Write: **STILL PERFORMING**

(2/97) NEW YORK CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 6 ft., 165#, bald, short beard, U/C, big nipples, very healthy HIV positive, bit kinky. Enjoy reading, travel, correspondence, kissing, and SS. Seek similar. Photo/phone, please. **MERLOT**

OHIO

(4/97) COLUMBUS: GWM, 56, 6 ft., 220#, silver hair, blue eyes, very healthy, seeks slim, 25-45, for friendship and lots more. Enjoy travel, sports, etc. Your photo appreciated. Will answer all letters. Like to hear from 34-year-old Greg from Nashville. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 24482, Columbus, OH 43224

(4/97) N.E. CENTRAL OHIO: BiWM, 48, 5'-10", 190#, grey hair, seeks 50-70, straight-acting professor, country gentleman type. Weight proportional to height. Prefer nonsmoker. I like cars, antique aircraft, good food, and good roll in the sack! Your photo gets mine. Write: **DESIGNER**

PENNSYLVANIA

(2/97) HAIRY-CHESTED WRITER IN BUCKS COUNTY: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 187#, HIV negative, in good shape, handsome, seeks younger bear for mental and erotic stimulation. Send photo to Bill Carr, Box 203, Plumsteadville, PA 18949.

TEXAS

(12/96) TEXAS: Mid-50s, married, 5'-10", 158#, 7" cut, Fr A/P, Gr A/P, looking for occasional sex sessions with married, divorced, widowed, or masculine gay men of similar size, age and interests. Live in Houston, travel Austin, San Antonio and Central Texas. Prefer hairy, cut, well-endowed. Send letter, nude photo and phone number to: C.M., 5757 Westheimer, Box 3-360, Houston, TX 77057.

(12/96) HOUSTON/HUMBLE AREA: 46-year-old, 6 ft., 185#, blond hair/blue eyes, seeks friend/companion/lover, 55+, strong, masculine, HIV negative, grey or balding, for fun of all kinds. My interests: golt, hunting, fishing, woodwork, and mature men. Write: G.W.C., P.O. Box 249, Humble, TX 77346.

WASHINGTON

(12/96) WASHINGTON: Two chubby gay white males seek friends. Walter is 65, 5'-10", 245#, 6-1/2" cut. George is 56, 5'-10", 320#, big belly, big titties, 5" cut. Both into safe oral sex. We are both HIV negative. We own a 100 year old four square Victorian home in Montesano, WA. Please come visit our home. We enjoy nudism and 3- and 4-ways. Write to George/Walter, 130 North Main St., Montesano, WA 98563, or call (360) 249-6939.

(2/97) WEST COAST/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 48, 5'-10", 183#, hairy, moustached, HIV negative, cut, happily versatile, decently equipped. White collar, travel West Coast extensively. Enjoy sports, hiking, music, cultural and current events, passionate interaction. Seeking nonsmoking solid citizen, adventurous spirit, 40-60, stocky/fit (balding/moustached are plusses), for friendship and more. Letter with photo to Stewart, P.O. Box 4588, Seattle, WA 98104-0588.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(4/97) ITALY: I am 25, virile, lonely, sensual. I love nudism and I seek mature men, 45-80, for friendship, exchanging correspondence, phone talk and, if possible, a visit. Letter with photo and/or phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: **FERRARI**

(12/96) CANADA AND U.S.: GM, lawyer, Chinese, 32, 5'-4", stocky, cultured, refined, well-travelled, seeks accomplished, caring gentleman, 55+, for friendship leading to commitment. Future relocation possible. Write: **QC**

(4/97) CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA/NATIONWIDE U.S.: GWM, 60, 6'-1", 155#, masculine, trim, healthy, smooth, handsome, nonsmoker, oral expert, caring, uncut 6-1/2", reliable. Interests: nature, travel, hiking, nudism, good food, home life, politics. Visits U.S. annually. Seeking hot, assertive, masculine singles/couples, average to well-hung, 40-70, for good friendship, fun times, group encounters. Returnable nude photo gets mine. Write: D.L., Box 15826, Vlaeberg, 8018, South Africa.

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. If you have sent solicited photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for.]

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

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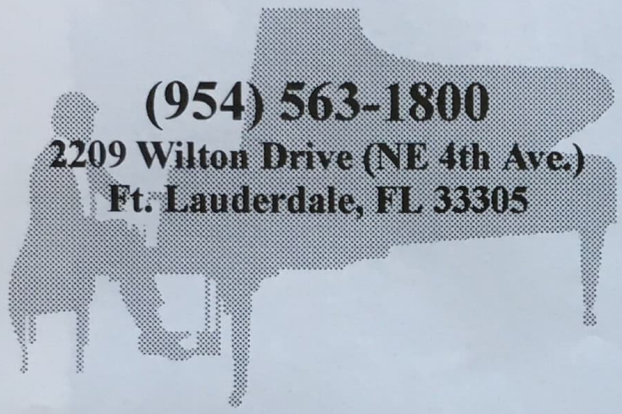

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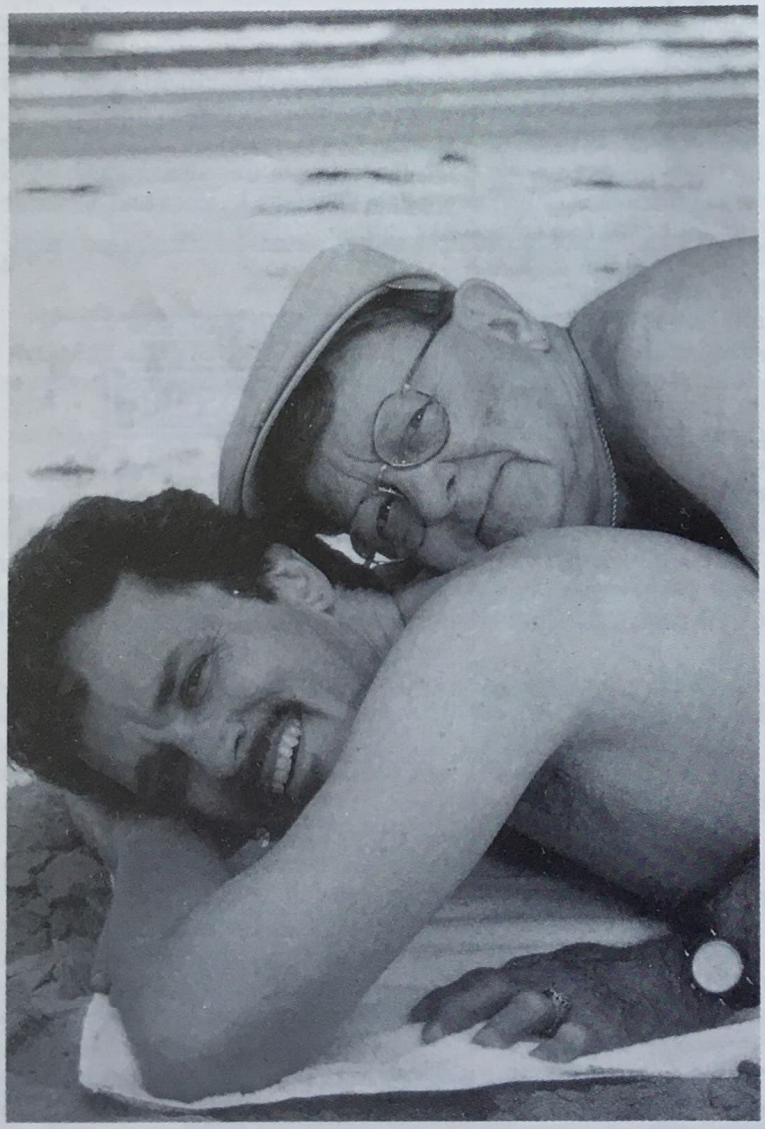

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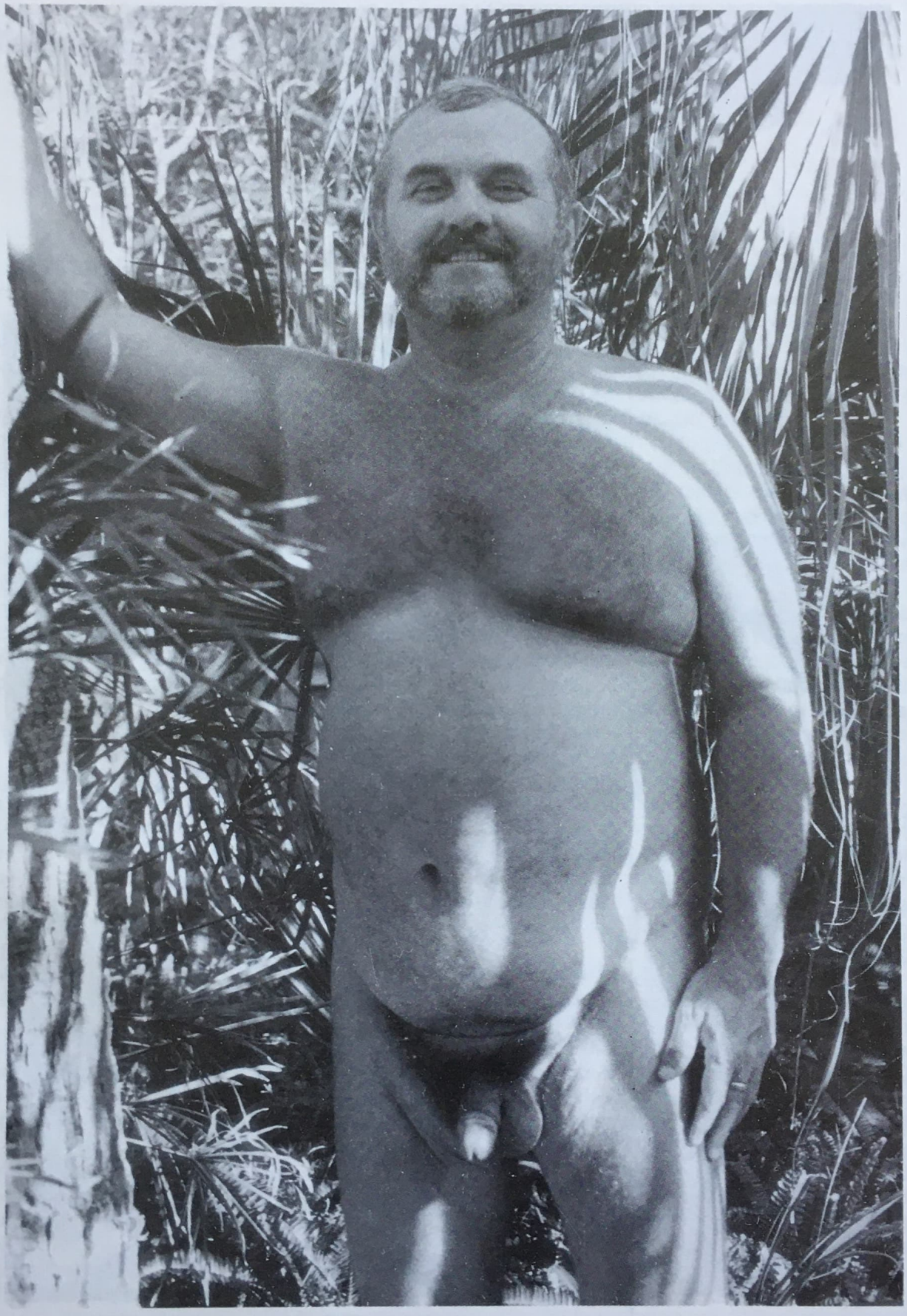

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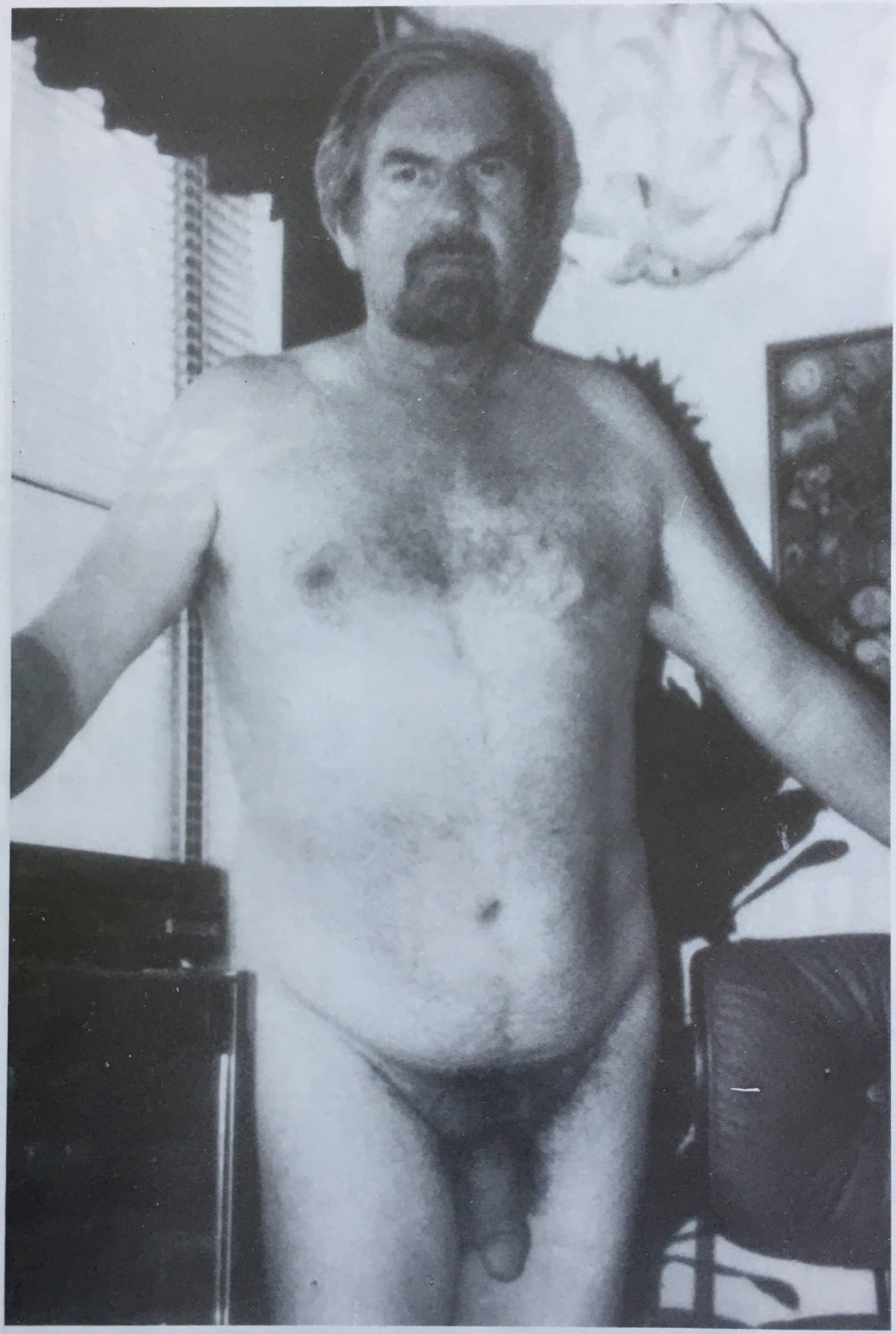


ANOTHER MAN'S *POISSON*

Taking the HSDH Columbus "Australia" Across the Pacific

by Jay Behr

It's absolutely disgusting the way I travel on my stomach, cursed by my appetite to bite men's heels. The only salvage I could discover on what was to be my home for thirty days was that my tablemates were even more disgusting than I. Belching gin, they gobbled black bread slathered with butter, topping it with cold cuts and cheese while I calmly speared herring, washing it all down with white wine.

As I was telling a young gardener in Adelaide's arboretum (while nibbling his ear), "It's the guts and the glands as rule me." Oh, sure ... there's Mozart, Ibsen and Thucydides, but beyond the interior castle, if they don't take their pants down, they can at least give me a decent meal.

What ties all this together is sex and food.

On my trip from Sydney to the states, via the freighter, "Australia," I *bon vivant*, raconteur, curmudgeon and *soi-disant* man-about-town, was shunned by my six fellow passengers and informed that I was "not wanted on the voyage" ... at least at lunch.

We'll get back to all this later.

The thing to keep in mind is that I had just finished close to three months beginning at the Sydney Mardi Gras (almost as dull as Rio), continuing up the east coast for a drive at Cairns, and thence via Adelaide and Perth to my favorite scuba spot near Exmouth. Upon my return to the east coast, embarking on a German freighter for my first sea voyage, I was far too fatigued to be other than the soul of discretion, the cynosure of civility, the model of dazed bonhomie. A very civil, weathered bear, indeed.

Only two travelers boarded with me: old navy buddies who had rejoined for a transit of the Panama Canal. They flew from separate homes to Sydney only to take the boat directly back. After a fine sunset departure, they quickly settled into a routine of reading, napping and drinking. That's it. At meals, I was treated to monologues on the decline of profits on the medical stock market and the expense of raising children in privileged suburbs. Rather like Peter Finch, I closed my eyes and thought of Castro Street.

Our first docking was at Brisbane where my two companions invited me to share a taxi and have a steak dinner during the ship's loading. I refused their offer, murmuring something about experiencing the early stages of bubonic plague. Still, I was tempted by memories of a nice little coffee shop there that offered an alarmingly good banana cake; there was, as well, a charming young man I encountered at a local sex club and a few other places. The lack of ready money made it possible to appear virtuous remaining aboard.

Perhaps I should have rung the lad up and offered to "show" him the ship, but I would have known and so would he that it was an act of duplicity. What I wanted, and what I'm sure he would know I wanted was his trousers about his knees and a bottle of amyl in my pocket. It's the guts and glands as rule me.

I feel somewhat compromised by my insight into my animal nature. If this lost chord sounds too plangently, I know there are bad times just around the corner. Only last week I was dancing with a sweet young thing who lost my attention when she said she had never heard of Noel Coward. Then, mind you, she had the nerve to be unamused when I recited the first verse of "We Must All Be Very Kind to Auntie Jessie" for her benefit.

Indeed, a few hours of reading Arthur Upfield on my bunk so improved my temper that when the wandering boys returned, I found the grace to inquire pleasantly if they had had a good time. Their response was a slurred affirmative.

That night, as we departed for Wellington, NZ, an elderly professor from Toronto joined us as fourth passenger. This tiny, hyperactive chap was put in a cabin near mine and spent most of his time with his door open, chatting up anyone who came by. His purpose for such sociability became obvious when I agreed one night to join him for martinis. It became evident that Professor Jekyll wanted to play Hyde and Go Seek with various parts of my anatomy. I unwound him as best I could and went back to the eight Arthur Upfield mysteries I had brought along for dull days.

Back to the guts. The officers and passengers ate in a rather spacious dining area above decks while the German mechanics and the islanders who made up the rest of the crew dined in a rather shabby space at the water line. Although the crew was frequently bilingual, most of them tended to avoid us. We ate well, but the endless luncheon meat and cheese, as well as heavily sauced entrees became a bit dismal. The tea-cakes, every day at about two, were splendid. I took fre-

quent pleasure in being first to cut the tea-cake. In spite of high waves on the Tasman Sea that dumped the furniture over and once threw me through a door, my appetite remained healthy.

When the freighter docked at Wellington, I was delighted at the prospect of an overnight stay. First, however, I had to elude the little professor, who seemed sure that I would be able to sniff out a gay pub or a bath house like a Doberman. (Well, actually, I *can*, but I wasn't about to tell him so.) In a tea shop, I shook him off by taking the rear exit and set out on my own. Without further elaboration, I arrived that night back at the dock with a charming government clerk under my arm, neatly wrapped in twine.

Despite earlier assurance by the captain, there was no night guard at the gangway, and we were able to hotfoot it anonymously to my cabin. After a couple of gins, we got down to it and kept at it until he had to clean up before work. As the ship departed for Auckland, I settled in for a nap which put me two meals behind.

My partner was charming and missing a meal was well worth it; conversely, the evening before leaving Sydney made missing a good steak irritating in the extreme. A cute little bartender had asked me to share a meal after he got off shift. At the restaurant, one of his acquaintances came over to sit with us. After the fellow monopolized my little mouse for half an hour, I kindly asked if I might be included in the conversation. My dinner partner said, "You'll have to forgive him. He's on speed." They both seemed to be taking all this very seriously.

I placed a figurative wrist to my forehead and said, "I'm terribly sorry, but I just remembered an appointment with my rabbi" (this all taking place in a Sydney leather bar, mind you) and I arose with what elderly, creaking grace I could muster and hobbled pathetically from the room. It's all in the appetites, it is. A good bonk is better than an auction at Sotheby's any day, but one can't argue with gypsies or dope fiends.

In Auckland harbor, the "buddies" induced me to go into town with them on a pilot boat while the ship waited for space at the docks. The ride was better than any at Disneyland. The swoops and dips turned my spine to powder before we reached the shore. I left the others in a bar and took a sightseeing cruise, followed by martinis at the local gay bar and a splendid mussel dinner with Kiwi chardonnay before returning to the ship.

That evening, on a rain-wet dock glittering with sodium light, the four passengers met three new ones, a computer expert, his church librarian wife and a retired women's air force typist. The elements were present for a demented rerun of "Gilligan's Island."

The weather calmed by the end of the second week. As the equatorial heat became more intense, those who could tear themselves from card games made occasional use of the sun deck with tiny pool. In the evening, most passengers gathering in the salon for the nightly films. The general's caviar seemed to be for romance or blood-and-guts. Since my preferences run to *Rocky Horror* and obscure French comedies, I skipped the movie often and went belowdecks to ride an exercycle I discovered. The crew all watched German movies in the conference room.

The real skinny reared its ugly head on the seventeenth day of the voyage. Due to a "passenger complaint," I was requested to wear "more appropriate clothing" to lunch. What I think this boiled down to was that the shunned professor (or possibly the librarian) felt a degree of discomfort with the tattoos and semi-visible piercing revealed by my equatorially-appropriate wardrobe. No longer was I wanted on the voyage.

As I told the captain, if the complain were made upon embarkation, I would gladly have complied, but too much political activism kept me from taking this gracefully. (Indeed, was I not removed from teaching drama at my school for casting an interracial couple in a school play? Did I not get poor young things to abortion counselors long before it was fashionable?) So, with bad grace but good posture, I informed the group that I would not be taking lunch with them thereafter. Dinners, of course, continued as usual, although I fear my glances toward the librarian and the professor were baleful in the extreme.

I longed for a traveling companion whom I could bonk into insensibility to assuage my dudgeon, but was forced instead to complete the first draft of a novel. When it was all too boring, I climbed the stairs between decks twenty times or amused myself with adult devices. The others played "hearts." Endlessly.

After two more weeks of sun and fun, the "Australia" reached Philadelphia. Shakespeare may claim that "Journeys end in lovers' meeting," but after writing a few pointed comments in the ship's guest book, I was off and running for a good steak and the nearest leather bar—and after that, a good lawyer. Sadly, it turns out that maritime law supersedes all others, or I would be a very rich curmudgeon today. Very rich, indeed.

Still, I finished the novel and read all eight of the Upfield mysteries. *And* I learned two very important things: a portable typewriter is Man's Best Friend (almost) *and* the war isn't quite over in the South Pacific.

JAY BEHR is a retired teacher living in San Francisco and Palm Springs. He did his undergraduate work at the University of Chicago and Colorado State University and did graduate work at San Francisco State University. He has taught art, world literature and journalism. Worked at "The Committee" in San Francisco, where one co-worker was Robin Williams. JAY was also the cover model on CR's ZONES SPECIAL issue.

THE CRPI SYDNEY REGIONAL ASSEMBLY

HYATT REGENCY HOTEL
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA
FEBRUARY 22-23, 1997

THE HOTEL

Recently refurbished, this hotel at the edge of the gay area now has a standard of accommodation, service, and banqueting which is excellent. The hotel offers CRPI guests a special rate of AUD$ 155.00 per room per night, single/twin/double occupancy. Remember to state that you are part of the CRPI group. Reservations: (02) 356-1234, by phone or (02) 358-3881 by fax. From the U.S., add international code (011), plus country code (61), and drop the "0" from "02."

THE FUNCTIONS

Friday, February 21, after 8:00 pm: Brief greetings and badge claim, CRPI suite. No refreshments.

Saturday, February 22, 4:30 pm to 6:30 pm: Reception and badge claim/purchase. CRPI will provide hors d'oeuvres; hotel will provide cash bars.

Saturday, February 22, 6:30 to 8:00 pm: Banquet with speakers. CRPI will provide food and dinner beverage. Hotel will provide cordial bar.

Saturday, February 22, 8:00 pm to 12:00 midnight: Hospitality area. Hotel will provide beverage concession.

Sunday, February 23, 9:00 am to 10:30 am: Buffet breakfast. CRPI will provide food and beverage. Farewells and late announcements.

FEES (Pay the hotel for your room. Pay CRPI for the functions.)

Full registration (advance purchase only, post dated no later than December 31, 1996): US$ 85.00 Includes all the above.

Full registration (at door only, subject to availability, and **provided reservations are made to CRPI prior to January 24, 1997, by telephone, fax or e-mail**): AUD$ 125. Includes all the above.

"B" Package (at door only, subject to availability): AUD$ 60.00. Includes all the above except for the banquet and breakfast.

SEND PAYMENT IN CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393.

FOR ASSISTANCE, CALL OR FAX (619) 868-6371, OR EMAIL: **crpi@aol.com**

Wire transfer instructions: Wire to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. Routing Number 122000247, Account Number 0344-690615, Wells Fargo Bank, 14554 - 7th St., Victorville, CA 92392

THE 7TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING
MAY 23-26, 1997
RADISSON TWIN TOWERS, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

THE HOST HOTEL & RATES

Radisson Twin Towers Orlando
5780 Major Blvd.
Orlando, FL 32819
Site of Gathering Three in 1993
and Gathering Five in 1995.

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling 1-(800) 327-2110 (Foreign: 407-351-1000) and identifying yourself as being with the Chiron Rising Gathering group. Reservations must be guaranteed. Rates are as follows:

Single (one person) Room: $99
Double (two persons) Room: $99
Triple (three people) Room: $109
Quad (four people) Room: $119
One Bedroom King Suite: $250
One Bedroom Executive Suite: $350
Two Bedroom Executive Suite: $450
Penthouse: $550

(Note: rates are good for three days prior and/or three days after convention dates. Rates are noncommissionable)

Only 15 minutes west of Orlando International Airport and an equal distance from Walt Disney World, the Twin Towers is located at the entrance to Universal Studios. All major attractions in the Central Florida area are within 30 minutes, and both Florida coasts are within a ninety-minute drive.

THE CR EVENTS

Friday: Badge pickup, merchandise sales, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, DJ dancing in the poolside nightclub (for private CRPI use for the duration of the gathering).

Saturday: Workshops, recitals, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, D.J. dancing.

Sunday: Workshops, recitals, art exhibit, reception, Mr. Simbadaddy Contest/Banquet, hospitality, late entertainment, D.J. dancing.

Monday: Farewell Breakfast

THE NO-HOST EVENTS

All cocktail parties and some hospitality venues will utilize cash bars, which means that attendees must pay for their own beverages (except for hospitality room coffee and beverages served with meals). We feel it is unfair to include the high cost of alcoholic beverages in the package price when so many attendees abstain from alcohol. The money is much better spent for food and entertainment. CR will provide limited snacks during cocktail parties and receptions.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEES

Advance Registration/Sales

The "A" Package, including all events: $180 per person; $200 after 12/31/96)

The "B" Package, including all events except Friday night dinner show, Saturday night dinner show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: $ 80 per person; $85 after 12/31/96.

"B" Package Add-ons
B1: Friday Dinner Show - $35
B2: Saturday Dinner Show - $40
B3: Sunday Banquet - $35
B4: Monday breakfast - $15

Note: No advance registration sales will be made after 4/30/97. All registrations received with a postmark after that date will be returned.

Per-Meal Event Tickets and Day Passes

A limited number of per-meal event tickets and day passes will be available for sale on May 23rd and 24th ONLY at the CR sales office inside the hotel. These may not be purchased in advance. Call the week before the gathering to check on availability of meal functions.

The Friday Pass, including all Friday events except the dinner show. Good from 1:00 pm through midnight. $20 per person

The Saturday Pass, including all Saturday events except the dinner show. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. $25 per person

The Sunday Pass, including all Sunday events except the banquet. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. $25 per person

Meal Passes - (subject to availability)

Friday Dinner Show - $40
Saturday Dinner Show - $45
Sunday Banquet - $40
Monday breakfast - $20

Cancellations made before 4/30/97 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $20. No refunds will be available after 4/30/97. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise.

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited.

Registration must be made using the proper form, which is located on next page. Those attendees purchasing day passes and meal tickets will also be required to complete and sign a registration form.

CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
CRPI EVENTS DIVISION
STANDARD REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT

(NOTE: ONE FORM PER DELEGATE, PLEASE)

NAME _____ **CONVENTION** _____
(please print legibly)
ADDRESS _____ **PACKAGE SELECTED** _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____ **AMOUNT ENCLOSED $**_____

COUNTRY/PROVINCE _____ **I WILL** _____/ **WILL NOT** _____ **BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL**

BADGE FIRST NAME _____

I WILL BE ROOMING WITH

MODEL NAME _____ _____

STANDARD DELEGATE AGREEMENT

1. AGREEMENT: This agreement is entered into between Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and the above named delegate, hereinafter called "Delegate".

2. DAMAGE RESPONSIBILITY: Delegate is responsible for any damage he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.

3. INDEMNITY: Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including, but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by Delegate.

4. APPAREL: Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public: costumes, cross-dressing apparel, or clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon.

5. BADGES: Delegate agrees to wear the CR-provided badge at all times during functions and understands that he will not be granted entrance to such functions without one.

6. CAMERAS: Delegate agrees to confine any videography to areas outside the function rooms and to get permission from subjects prior to taping. Delegate understands that still photography is allowed in all areas, provided permission is granted by photographed subjects.

7. CONDUCT: Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexual or sexually suggestive behavior (including passionate kissing) outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) or disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication.

8. CONFISCATION AND EXPULSION: Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in confiscation of his video cassette, his expulsion from the convention without refund, or both, contingent upon the final decision by the Event Directors.

I have carefully read, fully understand, and agree to abide by the above agreement.
Signature: _____
Date: _____

Signature: _____
Patrick H. Colley, President & CEO

Please make a copy of this agreement for yourself and send the signed original to:

Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 2589
Victorville, CA 92393.

CR PRICE LIST AND ORDER FORM (Please order from a copy of this form and circle items requested)

MAGAZINES

SUBSCRIPTIONS	U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
6 ISSUES - 6 bimonthly issues of CR.	42.00	55.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR.	22.00	29.00
Note: CR Classics Magazine has been discontinued.		
CR BACK ISSUES: 58,59,60,61,62,63,64,65,66,67,68,69	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
CRC BACK ISSUES: 2,3,4,5,6	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
GLOSSY BACK ISSUES: CR 70,71,72,73,74,75,76; CRC #7,8	8.00 EA	10.00 EA

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the above pricing. Not subject to sales tax.

EVENTS - ADVANCED REGISTRATION

2/22-23/97 SYDNEY REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FULL REG.	$85 (thru 12/31)
5/23-26/97 GATHERING '97 - ORLANDO - FULL REG.	$180.00 (thru 12/31) - $200.00 (thru 4/30)

OTHER MERCHANDISE

	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
BOOK: QUINCUNX by P.H. Colley - (Perfect bound soft cover)	10.95 EA
APPAREL: CAP WITH CR LOGO	8.00 EA
T-SHIRT WITH CR LOGO (Circle size - L, XL, XXL, XXXL)	17.00 EA
OTHER MERCHANDISE SHIPPING AND HANDLING: (Choose one and add to order)	
UPS - Continental U.S.	5.00 per item
Priority Mail - Cont. U.S., HI, AK, PR; 1st Class Can., Mex., Cen/So America	5.00 per item
Air Mail Postage - Europe	8.00 per item
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	10.00 per item
ADD SALES TAX for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price	

SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 2 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. SEND CASH AT YOUR OWN RISK. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. Wire Transfer Instructions: Wire to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc., Routing Number 122000247, Account Number 0344-690615, Wells Fargo Bank, 14554 - 7th St., Victorville, CA 92392

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____

COUNTRY: _____

I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day ____/ Month ____/ Year ____.

Signature: _____

MINIMUM CHECK OR MONEY ORDER AMOUNT: $10.00

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: CALL FOR THE CURRENT DEADLINE DATE

1. On a sheet of paper, type or legitably PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.

2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.

3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.

4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:

(NOTE: THE WORD COUNT IS INTENDED FOR A GUIDE FOR CUSTOMER. NOT REQUIRED FOR AD.)

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 ————59———

59 words @ 30 ¢ = $ 17.70 X 3 Issues = $53.10
Telephone confirmation 5.00

Total Enclosed $58.10

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

BODY VIGOROUS

A CUTTING EDGE LOOK AT MATURE MEN'S HEALTH ISSUES

DHEA

DHEA is a hormone produced in the adrenal glands which set atop the kidneys. Research shows that DHEA levels drop 50% between age 20 and 40, and studies for over 30 years show direct relationships to low DHEA levels and malignant tumors, a decline in mental alertness, decreased sex drive, lean mass to body fat, and myriad other health and aging problems.

The scientific name for DHEA is dehydroepiandrosterone (dee-hi-dro-epp-ee-an-dro-ster-own). It is all natural, and everyone over 30 needs it. It is a "pro-hormone," and can be converted by the body into estrogen, progesterone, cortisone, testosterone, and all other sex and steroid hormones. it is the mother hormone produced by the adrenal gland, thus it gives birth to all other steroid hormones and other metabolites of DHEA that maintain and improve health. Your body produces more DHEA than any other steroid or sex hormone, and the levels of DHEA peak at the age of 20 for both men and women. As the level of DHEA decreases, age-related illnesses increase, such as obesity, diabetes, Alzheimer's, heart disease, cancer, high blood pressure, senility, Parkinson's disease, osteoporosis. DHEA is one of the more amazing substances that may eventually become a potent weapon in the battle of the bulge.

As you pass twenty, there is good reason to believe that taking a DHEA supplement may extend your life and make you more youthful while you are alive.

Research scientists indicate that DHEA may have several benefits. Research indicates that it may protect against diabetes and obesity by inhibiting an enzyme (G6PD) that converts carbohydrates to fat in the body. DHEA enhances the body's thermogenic process, thereby transforming food into energy and preventing fat from accumulating. Weight loss occurs because calories are converted to heat rather than fat.

Research suggests that:

1. One can lose weight without changing one's eating habits.
2. The body is aided in producing lean muscle tissue.
3. It is a safe alternative to steroids.
4. It is nontoxic and has no known side effects.
5. It has an insulin stabilizing effect (balances blood glucose levels) and stabilizes blood sugar levels.
6. It stimulates the body's immune system and helps fight off viral infections. (It is being used by people with AIDS, because of its immune-enhancing and antiviral effects.)
7. It helps to relieve fatigue and improves stamina.
8. It lowers blood cholesterol levels.
9. It increases the level of estrogen in women and testosterone in men.
10. It decreases the stickiness of platelets, which are small particles in the blood that often clump together and cause heart attacks and strokes.
11. It has been found to have significant antiobesity, antitumor, anti-aging, anti-cholesterol and anti-cancer effects.
12. It has been helpful in the treatment of cancer, Alzheimer's, multiple sclerosis, memory loss, chronic fatigue syndrome, and Parkinson's disease, to name but a few.

DHEA is readily available at most health food stores and pharmacies. You can even purchase a special two-for-the-price-of-one package of Squibb DHEA at Wal-Mart.

Some manufacturers are warning consumers that they should beware of Mexican yam and herb substitutes and ask for 100% purified DHEA.

Is this the fountain of youth? Doctors we've talked to seem to be rather in the dark about DHEA, and those who are familiar with it are not blasting it like they do many other "in" remedies. Actually it was banned in this country in 1985, and has just recently been made available again.

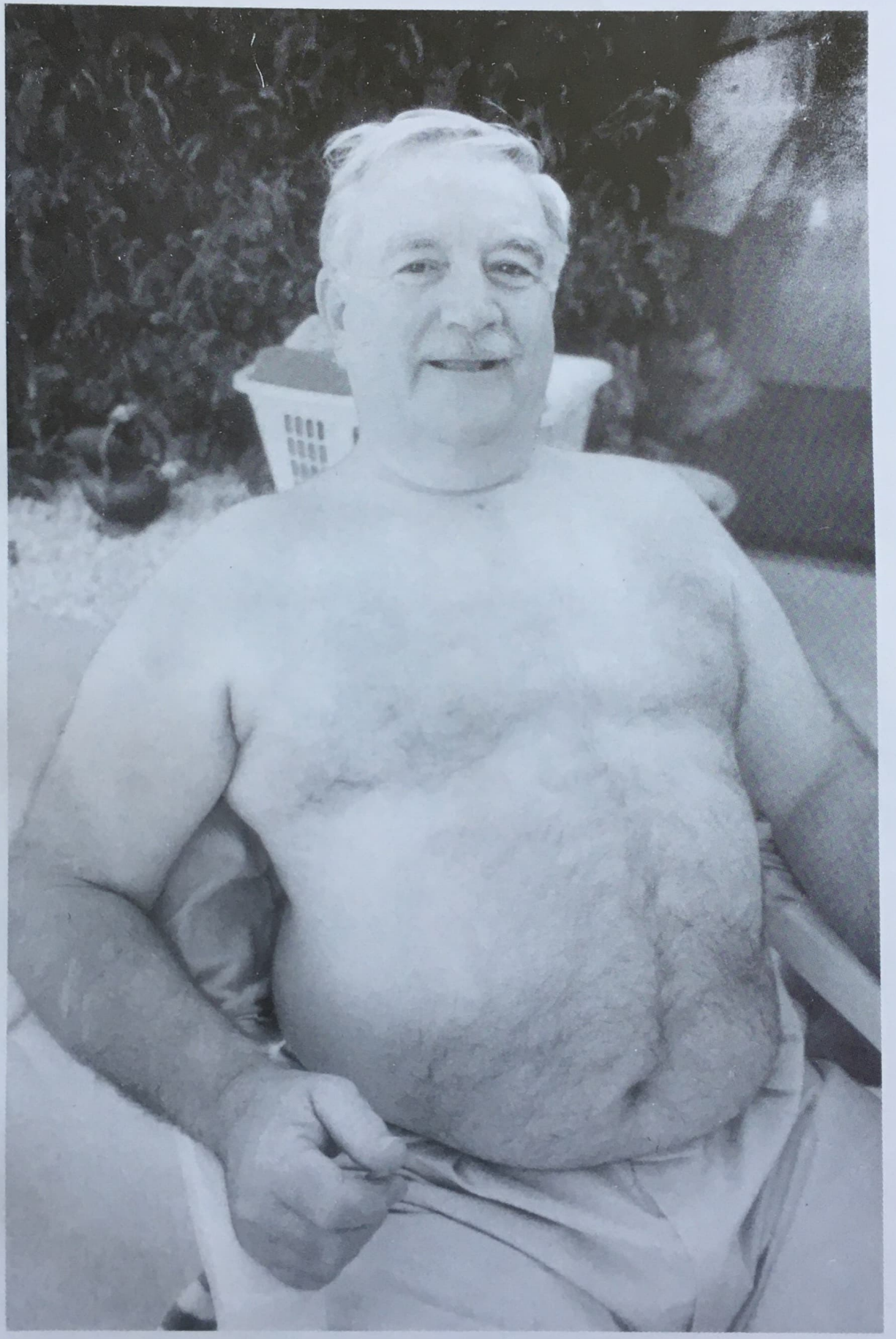
Bruce and I have been taking 25 mgs daily of the supplement, and the changes in our bodies are quite remarkable. Bruce's vitality and sex drive have increased dramatically, and his body hair has increased. His blood sugar levels are more stable now, and it appears that his average levels have decreased somewhat. His blood cholesterol levels are embarrassingly low, and his blood pressure has decreased so much that he may be taken off medication soon.

I had mysteriously gained 40 pounds over the past two years (in spite of two disastrous diets), so I was becoming very concerned about my health. Since starting on DHEA, my weight has leveled off and now I am losing very slowly. My total cholesterol has decreased by about 10 points, and my HDL/LDL ratio has improved remarkably. My HDL was near 33 last year, and now it is 46. Both LDL and triglyceride levels have decreased. My blood pressure has settled down to around 126 over 70, and my resting pulse is around 60. Most surprising to me is the fact that I have willingly begun one-hour sets of aerobics four times a week and one-hour sets of weight lifting during the other three days.

Want to share your DHEA experiences with other readers? Let's hear from you.

Pat Colley

JACK



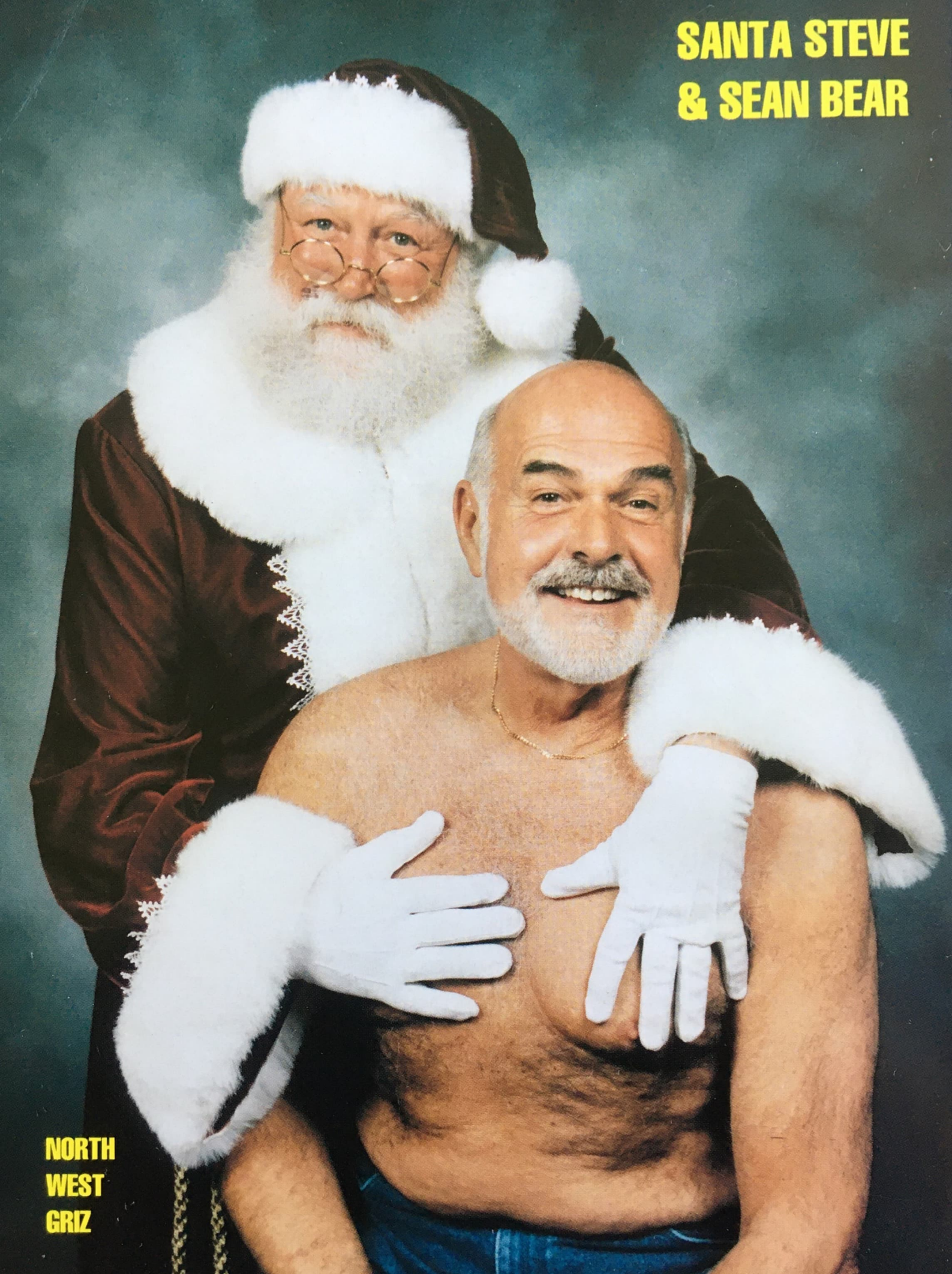
Mike Deveau

GENE KEUNING

JOEL

WILD GOOSE

Simon Barr


SANTA STEVE
& SEAN BEAR
NORTH
WEST
GRIZ